HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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"AY! THERE'S THE RUB!"—YOU CAN'T CHANGE THE NATURE OF THE ANIMAL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1882.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 155, published October 17, contains the concluding chapter of "Their Girl," by MR. JAMES OTIS, *with front-page illustration by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD; *Chapter X. of "The Cruise of the Canoe Club," with an illustration by* MR. W. A. ROGERS; *and a charming short story by* MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *entitled "Who Won the Bicycle?"*

MRS. HELEN S. CONANT *contributes an interesting article on "The Iguana," illustrated;* MR. GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON *gives a thrilling account of "The Battle of Lake Borgne; or, How the British Made a Landing under Difficulties," illustrated; and* MR. A. W. ROBERTS, *in an article entitled "Autumn Leaves," with five illustrations, suggests some charming plans for the decoration of our homes.*

"I do Love Dolly so Much," and "I Want Somebody to Play With," are the titles of two beautiful pictures of child life. The Comic element in this Number is most admirably sustained by "The Daring Mice," a poem by MR. PALMER COX, *illustrated by its author, and by "Four Goats" and "Fun at Recess," on the sixteenth page.*

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The New Volume begins with the Number issued November 7.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

THE result of the Ohio election and the manner in which it has been received are very significant. There has been very little mere partisan exultation. The Democrats, who have succeeded, know that their success is due to two chief causes—the support of the "rum element," and Republican discontent with certain Republican tendencies which require for their correction the decisive rebuke of defeat. Both of these causes may justly alarm Democrats, and they explain the moderation of their tone of triumph. One of the most powerful and effective arguments against Democratic national supremacy has always been the general support of that party by all that is described by the phrase "the rum element." Against the party theoretical claims of free trade, hard money, and State rights—which, as partisan Democratic doctrines, are merely theoretical—it has been only necessary heretofore to show the intelligence and industry of the country that Democratic strength has lain in the alliance of the rum element with slavery. It was the steady presentation of that fact which totally overthrew the party, and the history of Democratic decadence and defeat in the United States, although the party was intrenched in patronage, and sustained by the timidity of trade, vast property interests, and the horror of disunion, is the supreme vindication of popular government, and one of the noblest passages in the annals of progressive liberty. It would be disastrous for that party, as a new generation of voters steps upon the scene, if it should appear that by some secret affinity the "rum element" clings to it like a poisoned robe, because, unless all the assumptions of popular government are wrong, it is sobriety, industry, and intelligence which permanently prevail in a free country. Yet the result of the Ohio election points to the old alliance, and this very success will be presently turned into a fatal argument against the party. In that view it is not a triumph to be hailed with enthusiasm.

Nor can Republican discontent with methods and measures and men for which the Republican party is responsible be justly interpreted as actual increase of Democratic strength. That accession could come only from increased approval of distinctive partisan Democratic principles and policies, and there are none such. "We would all be Democrats," said a young Republican who will not vote for Judge FOLGER, "except for the Democratic party." The remark is well worth pondering. The Republican revolt in Pennsylvania and New York, and its sympathetic effect in Ohio, is not a conversion to the Democratic party. It is, like the action of the Conscience Whigs and the Free-soil Democrats thirty years ago, a reconnoissance in force to see if a new party is necessary. Reform within a party, of which so much is said by those who hate reform, can be sometimes accomplished only by defeat of the party. As long as a party succeeds by repulsive methods and unworthy agents, how can they be changed? What is the conclusive argument against them but that they ruin the party, and how can they ruin the party if the whole party supports them? The only way in which to show that fraud and trickery and the corruption of patronage are fatal to a party is to defeat the party; and obviously, unless it is supposed that great public objects, for which alone parties properly exist, can be promoted by fraud and trickery and corruption, when these forces have obtained control, they must be baffled by defeat, or the party objects themselves are lost.

The Republican party, for instance, advocates free elections and a fair count, honest, pure, and economical government, as the essential conditions of an orderly and peaceful and contented republic. But every Republican who sustains notorious chicanery and cheating, and vast extravagance, and the worst abuses of patronage, by sustaining a party management which depends upon such cheating and abuse, arrays himself against the very purposes of his party. What does he mean by talking about changing such management when he is supporting it? What is the use of saying that it will ruin the party if he belies his own words by preventing it from ruining the party? And what good does he anticipate from a party successful under such control? The result in Ohio, so far as it is due to the rum element, is not encouraging to sensible Democrats, and so far as it is due to the effect of the revolt of Republican sentiment in New York and Pennsylvania, does not mean adhesion to the Democratic party. It is merely one of the fortunate proofs which are furnished from time to time of healthy political vigor; of the happy fact that there are enough intelligent and patriotic citizens who regard party as a means, not as an end, to show schemers and sharpers and patronage-mongers that in reckoning upon the want of political courage and independence they are reckoning without their host.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE deep and general Republican dissatisfaction with the proceedings at Saratoga can not be allayed by mere appeals to party spirit. They fall dead upon the ears of hosts of Republicans who would like to vote for Judge FOLGER to signify their Republican loyalty and their personal regard, but who see that such a vote immensely strengthens party managers who are universally distrusted, and confirms methods which are fatal to the party. HARPER'S WEEKLY has always maintained that unscrupulous machine control is sure to ruin a patriotic and intelligent party, because it alienates enough voters to leave the party in a minority. It is not the unreasoning but the reasoning partisans who are to be considered. The former support any nominations and applaud any course. But the latter know that the success of false and venal schemers is not the success of a party, but of those who use a party organization for their own ends. It is no argument for supporting the Republican party that the Democratic party is no better. It is the business of Republicans to make their party worthy of general respect and confidence. When the choice lies between Captain KIDD and DICK TURPIN, honest men will vote in the air.

The Republican party in its origin and during its career has represented the true principles of the government, and the party policy in the main has been no less sound and wise than patriotic. Its spirit and tendency have been humane, progressive, and truly American. But the history of parties everywhere shows that they can retain power only by retaining respect and confidence. The condition of holding these is that the party shall be seen to be an agency for the public good, and not for the personal profit of a clique. When, for instance, a party is able to hold on only by the power of patronage, it will not hold on long, and every member of the Republican party is a traitor to the Republican cause who sustains a management and winks at methods which he would spurn in his private business as contemptibly dishonest. This is the meaning and force of the determined opposition to what is called the machine, which is merely a name for organized methods in politics which are not tolerated elsewhere. All is fair in love and politics was the motto of Lovelace and AARON BURR. It was not the motto of WASHINGTON or JOHN JAY. It is a favorite cry of the machine when it wishes to whip in voters who hesitate to ratify its rascalities, that the party is greater than any man or any member of it. However this may be, it is certainly true that principles are greater than any person. It is not considered a conclusive argument for supporting the candidate of another party that he is an able and honest man. The reason is that he represents political principles and policies which are not acceptable to the voter. In the same way, it is not enough that the candidate of the voter's own party is honest and able, if he represents dishonest and dangerous methods. In his letter of acceptance Judge FOLGER says that he would scorn to profit by "doings of a quality which honest and high-minded men can not approve," and nobody doubts that he speaks the truth. What, then, is the reason of the general discontent of which he admits that it would be idle to deny the existence?

There is a rapidly increasing disgust and indignation with the political use of patronage. The system of plundering the public treasury in the form of assessments, the whole scheme of abuses which destroys the function of parties in the government, which degrades politics and debauches public men—all this has justly startled the public mind into the perception that it is an evil which must be overcome, or it will overcome the government. To this disgust and apprehension has been added the knowledge of the frauds which controlled the action of the State Committee. The public mind is alarmed and indignant. Judge FOLGER, an excellent and respected man, has been made the representative of influences and methods which are not only scorned, but feared. This is the explanation of the insurrection against the action at Saratoga, and the result will probably show the truth of the statement that such methods and managers ruin a party. Judge FOLGER's defeat would not be a personal condemnation, but the repudiation of those who trade upon his good name and character. It would not be an approval of Democratic traditions or Democratic policy. It would be the simple assertion that Republicans proposed to arrest a serious public danger, and it would commend the Republican party still more closely to the confidence of the country by showing that the balance of power in the party is held by those who do not confound Republicanism and mercenary intrigue.

THE CITIZENS' MOVEMENT FOR THE MAYORALTY.

THE movement for a citizens' nomination for Mayor has taken form in a very impressive and promising manner. A conference of leading citizens has taken the matter in hand, and has suggested the name of Comptroller CAMPBELL as that of an especially suitable candidate for the Mayoralty, Mayor GRACE having definitely declined to be considered a candidate under any circumstances. The ground of proceeding is that the city offices are wholly non-partisan in their character, and should be filled solely with reference to the intelligent, vigorous, and efficient discharge of their duties. Although, as the resolutions of the conference declare, the city government has been practically put into commission, the Mayor has still such control over the finances and the budget that he should be a man of the ripest experience, tried integrity, and absolute loyalty to the interests of the city, without regard to partisan objects.

This requirement is admirably satisfied by Mr. CAMPBELL. His familiarity with municipal affairs is unsurpassed. He is a man of the highest integrity, independence, and courage, and as Mayor, supported by the intelligent public spirit of the city, he would do for New York what Mayor LOW has done for Brooklyn; that is, he would show that even with all the rascality and degradation of politics it is yet possible for the largest cities to secure and maintain a government which represents the best and not the worst elements of the population.

The citizens' movement has been initiated in the best manner, and the candidate suggested is altogether an admirable candidate. The beginning will be followed up by an organization of workers, and the committee appointed to superintend the details will doubtless call a public meeting to bring the action and conclusions of the conference formally before the public. The ability of the voters of New York to accomplish the most desirable results, in the face of much greater difficulties than any that now exist, has been demonstrated more than once. The people of the city desire a good, economical, and efficient local government. The poorer a man is, the more desirable for him is such a government, and in the present independent frame of the public mind the citizens' movement begins under the most promising auspices. It is satisfactory to know that no bargains or intrigues will affect in the least the steady fidelity to the public interests of the candidate who has been suggested.

PROSPECTS IN CONGRESS.

IN the obscurity of the present political situation one thing happily is perfectly clear. It is the resolute determination of great bodies of the most intelligent citizens to endeavor to secure a Congress which shall provide by law that arbitrary removals, assessments under cover of the sneaking lie of voluntary contributions, appointments not for merit and capacity, but for political and personal service, with all the cruel and disgraceful details of the present spoils system, shall end. With the proper legal regulation of minor appointments and removals, bosses and machines, as the words are now understood, will disappear. Other evils and abuses will doubtless remain. But the tap-root of the present shameful degradation of politics will have been cut off.

The first step to this result is publicly questioning candidates for Congress. The feeling in the country upon the subject is so strong that of their own accord candidates are hastening to declare themselves. General BUTLER of course poses as an original reformer, and announces the most virtuous principles, and points with pride to his political career as illustrating every kind of probity, purity, and consistency. In twenty States reform associations have been formed. In all the larger States party Conventions have proclaimed their approval of reform and desire for it. Directly or indirectly, it is the paramount question of the election. Hostility to a machine and war upon bosses mean reform of the civil service, and having ascertained the position of candidates and their probable course in Congress, all voters who sincerely desire that reform as the present hope of better politics will vote or refuse to vote so as to promote it. It is desirable that every candidate should be questioned upon this point by his own constituency. In Massachusetts this has been done thoroughly, and in districts where the answer of a party candidate was unsatisfactory he will not receive the votes of the reformers of his party; and should the answers of both

candidates be unsatisfactory, an unequivocal candidate will probably be nominated, as has been done already in Mr. CANDLER's district. In California and other States explicit answers have been required. In New York the central association in the city will invite candidates in this neighborhood to state plainly their views of the reform bills pending in Congress, and their proposed action in regard to them. The assistant secretary of the association, Mr. WILLARD BROWN, who is admirably adapted for the work, has been for some weeks engaged in organizing associations and committees in the northern and central Congressional districts. He has been very successful. In Albany, Troy, Plattsburg, Ogdensburg, Schenectady, Watertown, Utica, and elsewhere, excellent associations have been established, and it is the intention that every candidate of both parties shall be invited to declare himself.

The margin of any ordinary party majority in New York is so narrow that a very few votes in every school district will turn the scale this year. Every member of Congress who as a member of the HUBBELL committee has acquiesced in the notorious extortions of the assessment circulars, and who has allowed his name to be used without protest as conniving at the so-called Republican manual issued by that committee, ought to be resolutely opposed in the most effective manner possible. At last the question which has been so hated and evaded by unscrupulous politicians appears at the polls, and will appear in Congress. No great question has ever advanced in public interest more rapidly. And it is not surprising, because reform means the restoration of parties to their proper functions, and the opening of the public service to the whole body of American citizens upon fair and equal terms.

MR. HOWARD CARROLL AS REPRESENTATIVE AT LARGE.

MR. HOWARD CARROLL's frank and manly declarations of independence, and his half-truculent refusal to thank the State Committee for his nomination as Representative at large from New York, partially redeem the misfortune of the method of his nomination. The State Committee were evidently compelled to designate a candidate who was not their preference, and Mr. CARROLL, like Judge ANDREWS, must be regarded as free from the taint of fraud and forgery which unhappily invalidated part of the action of the State Convention.

Mr. CARROLL is a young man of excellent education, well and favorably known in the newspaper world of New York, who as a press correspondent is familiar with public affairs and public men. He is doubtless much more fully equipped than many members of Congress for a seat in that body. Yet a certain public eminence and consideration are naturally and justly associated with so important and dignified a responsibility as Representative at large from New York, and while it is doubtless true that Mr. CARROLL, who is held in most friendly esteem by those who know him, may attain such a position, it is no less true that his name will be strange to the multitude of voters.

We should, indeed, be glad if every Congressional candidate in the State would speak as frankly as Mr. CARROLL. He says that

"from careful observation and a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the inner workings of both the great political parties, I am convinced that the greatest curse of our political system is the corrupt use of money and patronage in elections. Were I nominated I should not directly or indirectly pay or cause to be paid one dollar to secure an election. Further than this, I may say that, believing the work of office-seeking, place-brokerage, and position-peddling to be no part of the duty of a member of Congress, I should, if elected, refuse positively to take any part in the general scramble for places in the departments—an occupation which can only be engaged in by neglecting legitimate and necessary work in the House, at the sacrifice of self-respect and to the serious detriment and disgrace of the public service. In short, I could only accept the nomination with the distinct understanding that, in addition to earnestly and sincerely subscribing to all the time-honored principles of my party, I should enter the canvass upon the clean new platform of honest, progressive, and independent Republicanism."

These are sound and honorable views, and a man who would labor actively for their wise embodiment in legislation would be a most desirable Representative in Congress. But he must be a man well informed upon the subject, and of undaunted courage, inflexibility, and persistence, and he must also be known to be such, to insure the necessary confidence among the voters who sincerely desire the reform of abuses.

A SHORT AND EASY ANSWER.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us a question which it is very easy to answer briefly:

"What do you advise Republicans to do in a district where the Republican candidate for Representative has on the floor of the House defended and frankly espoused the cause of JAY HUBBELL and his assessment system, and who, though taking his place upon his county's delegation to the Saratoga Convention as an anti-Stalwart, handed over the delegation to the Stalwarts at the critical moment?"

We should advise the most decided opposition to such a candidate. A Republican who has done this has shown the moral cowardice upon which bosses and machines count, and by the aid of which they triumph. During the last year nothing has more deeply disgraced and injured the Republican party than the HUBBELL assessments. They have been denounced by almost every important Republican Convention, and they have produced general disgust and indignation. If the abuse of an irresponsible committee of members of Congress paying the expenses of their re-election out of the public treasury by assessments upon every man, woman, and child in the civil service is not stopped peaceably by the people at the polls, it will be ended violently. No good conservative citizen will vote for a candidate who supports such a public wrong. It is idle to talk of the party regularity of such a candidate, because this system puts an end to party as a legitimate organization to further a great and definite public policy.

It is not necessary to suppose such a candidate to have any personal desire of encouraging evils and abuses. It is enough that either from ignorance or weakness he acquiesces in a fatally dangerous practice. It is no reason for tolerating a man with a lighted torch near combustible material that he does not know the nature of fire, or that he is too cowardly to try to blow out the flame. Such a man as our correspondent describes is merely the tool of a master, and nobody who wishes to overthrow the master would uphold the man.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

A VERY interesting course of illustrated lectures upon the Romance of American History will be delivered at Chickering Hall on six Wednesday afternoons, beginning on the 1st of November, by the Rev. Dr. ECCLESTON, of Staten Island, in response to an invitation of citizens, and with the cordial approval of Rev. Dr. POTTER, the Bishop of New York, the Rev. Dr. CROSBY, and other eminent gentlemen.

The lectures of Dr. ECCLESTON have been very successful. They divide the history of the country into epochs, beginning with that of the Great Discoveries, and Columbus and his Companions, passing through the colonial era, with the wars of the last century, culminating in the Revolution, and then proceeding to the irrepressible conflict and the civil war. The subjects, as we know, are treated in a pleasing popular manner by a student who has especially prepared himself for the task, and the stereopticon illustrations are profuse and brilliant, and drawn from every authentic source.

The lectures are peculiarly adapted for young Americans, and the course is designed to leave upon their minds a vivid and accurate outline of the history of their country.

HONEST NON-PARTISAN COMPETITION.

IN a late speech at Brooklyn Mr. DORSHEIMER is reported in a Democratic newspaper to have said:

"Another remedy which has been proposed is that a large part of the offices should be filled by competitive examination. I think this would be a valuable reform if it were fairly carried out. But I wish to say here that the various efforts which have been made to carry it out have not been fair, for they have not given opportunity to men of all parties."

Alluding to the Treasury Department, he is reported to have added:

"I have not heard that the examination is an open one. On the other hand, we all know that only Republicans are admitted to the examinations. And I say that no system of appointment to office can work a reform of the civil service which does not give an equal opportunity to men of all parties. I believe that the establishment of a large part of the civil service upon a non-partisan basis will be approved by the whole body of the people, and that it will free us from some of the evils we have suffered."

Mr. DORSHEIMER has been wholly misinformed with regard to the examinations, so far as the two chief places in which they have been applied are concerned—the Custom-house and Post-office in New York. Of the examinations held at the Custom-house we have personal knowledge, and they have been from the beginning, three years ago, honestly non-partisan. Any attempt upon the part of the applicant, or of those who testify to his character, to introduce partisan or other illegitimate considerations is immediately repelled, and is totally without weight in the decision, which is made upon the merits as shown by the papers. The appointments to probation of those who have been examined have been made uniformly, we understand, according to the certified results. Indeed, it is the chief commendation of the system of examinations and probations that it has proved the perfect practicability of the selection of employés by fair and open tests of merit, and without the least reference to political or religious opinions. There are no more efficient and excellent employés in the public service than those who have been selected in this honestly non-partisan manner.

We are glad to agree with Mr. DORSHEIMER that nothing is more warmly desired by the great body of the people than the transformation of the larger part of the minor public officers from private and partisan and personal henchmen into public servants. Their services are due to the public that pays their salaries, not to a party which does not pay them.

PERSONAL.

THE calling of young Mr. VAN DYKE to the pastorate of the Brick Church shows that young men are coming to the front. To find himself at the age of thirty the occupant of a pulpit that has been filled by Dr. SPRING and Dr. BEVAN indicates a very high appreciation of his abilities and promise by one of the most prominent congregations in America. The calling of young Dr. TERRY to the Reformed Church at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, of Mr. SATTERLEE to the rectorship of Calvary Church, and Mr. DONALD to the rectorship of Ascension Church, are noteworthy events in the same direction.

—Mr. BARTLEY CAMPBELL has been very successful, pecuniarily, with his plays, mainly from the fact that he is a good business man, and personally manages the performing of them. Mark Twain is said to have realized some $100,000 from the sunny Colonel Sellers. BRONSON HOWARD derives a handsome income from royalties and percentages on his plays. Usually the royalty is $25 for each performance. For his new play, *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, just brought out successfully at the Madison Square Theatre, Mr. HOWARD has received $3000 in cash, with a contingency on future receipts. The limit of this contingency is $12,000, to be paid in installments of $3000 for every 180 nights. Mr. HOWARD retains the right for England. Mr. HART JACKSON, who adapted the *Two Orphans* for the Union Square Theatre, is reported to have received $75,000 in royalties for that play. JOAQUIN MILLER received a large income from *The Danites*. But the dramatist who has received the largest revenue from his plays, either in ancient or modern times, is Mr. BOUCICAULT.

—Mrs. D. W. LINCOLN, of Portland, Maine, has just received a bequest of $175,000 from the estate of her cousin, Mr. NOUGHTON, of California. A romantic history is connected with this bequest. Mr. NOUGHTON and Mrs. LINCOLN in their younger days were intimate friends, and would probably have been married if it had not been for the opposition of their relatives. Mr. NOUGHTON started for the West, declaring that he would never come back to Maine. He kept his word. Business prospered with him, and he became wealthy. Mrs. LINCOLN is a daughter of Captain JOHN THOMPSON, of Rockland. She was married to Captain JARIUS T. LINCOLN, who was master of the schooner *Alaska* for some time. Captain LINCOLN died about four years ago, leaving a property of $25,000 to his widow.

—DANIEL EVANS, a farmer, who died in New Hampshire a few days ago, aged one hundred and four, attributed his long life to a good constitution, a regular and temperate life, active labor in the open air, and, above all, to a serene and peaceful disposition that never allowed him to worry about anything. Up to his ninety-second year he worked regularly with his men. After reaching one hundred he only went out-of-doors in pleasant weather, lameness keeping him within-doors.

—Pleasant little anecdotes of Mr. EMERSON are constantly cropping out. In a recent number of the Philadelphia *Press* is the following of the two neighbors, EMERSON and ALCOTT: "Mr. EMERSON was troubled with amnesia, though his poetical faculty was unclouded. Mr. ALCOTT used frequently to pay EMERSON a morning visit, during which the latter would discourse eloquently of lofty themes. Mr. ALCOTT would drink it all in, and then return in the afternoon and pour it out in scarcely less transcendental style. And Mr. EMERSON quite unconsciously would exclaim, 'What a wonderful mind my friend over the way has!'"

—Artemus Ward's grave is marked by a plain marble slab, on which is the inscription, "CHARLES F. BROWNE, known to the world as Artemus Ward; died at Southampton, England, 1867, aged 33 years." And beneath, this line, "His memory will always be a sweet and unfading recollection." These words were copied from the letter sent to the sorrowing mother by Mr. MILLER, the English gentleman who cared for the son in his last illness, and closed his eyes when he ceased to breathe.

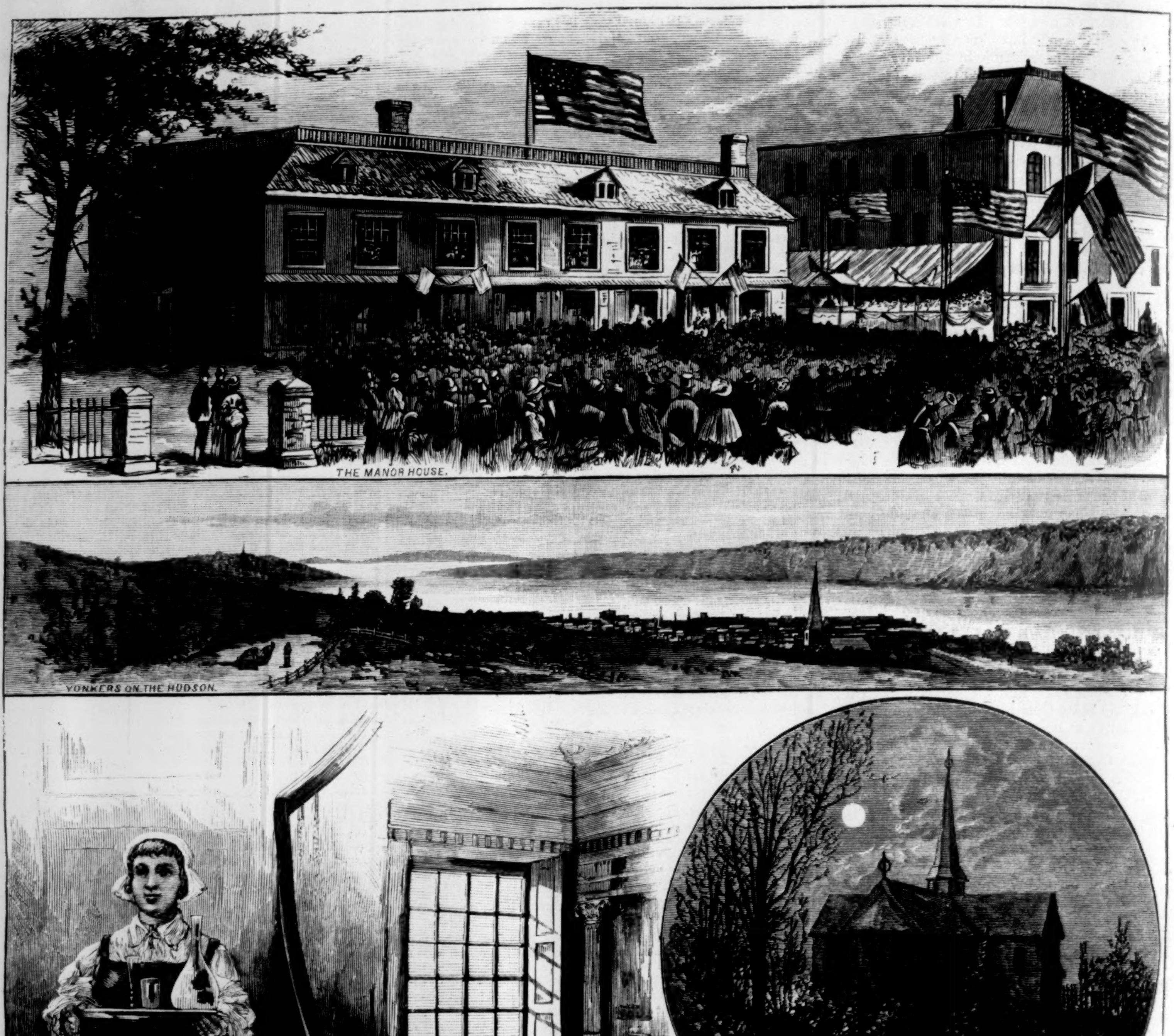
—M. SOLAVILLE, a foreign statistician, says that in Europe women live longer than men, and that the difference increases with the age. Thus, at sixty years, the advantage is with the women in the proportion of seven per cent.; at ninety and above, it rises to forty-five; and with centenarians, to sixty per one hundred. It is in France that there is the greatest relative number of inhabitants at the age of sixty and upward; but it is not so for centenarians, of which France has less than any of the other states of Europe, except Belgium, Denmark, and Switzerland. From M. SOLAVILLE's calculation of deaths by ages, the result is reached that, to the total deaths, those at the age of ninety and upward bore the following proportions to the countries named and arranged according to the decreasing order of importance: Great Britain, 9.73; Sweden, 7.39; France, 6.58; Belgium, 6.07; Switzerland, 6.00; Holland, 4.47; Italy, 3.76; Bavaria, 3.42; Prussia, 3.06; Austria, 2.61.

—Whenever it has been found desirable for any of the female ROTHSCHILDS to marry a Christian, the question of religion has been found easily surmountable. It was so in the case of HANNAH, daughter of Baron MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD, who married Lord ROSEBERY four years ago, and was so again when Mlle. BERTHE DE ROTHSCHILD was married to the young Prince of Wagram. Prior to her baptism she formally abjured the Jewish faith, and received her first communion from the Archbishop of Paris. The Prince was somewhat wild, but has tamed down considerably. The perpetual annuity which descends in his family from father to eldest son is $60,000 a year. His family is connected with the reigning families of Sweden and Bavaria, and with the ducal family of LEUCHTENBERG.

—Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT's stable is one of the notable buildings of its kind in the country. It cost $60,000 without the land, which is said to have cost as much more. It is constructed of pressed brick and brown stone. It has a frontage of seventy-five feet in Fifty-second Street, and one hundred feet in Madison Avenue. All the rooms are spacious, and the appointments of the finest. The box stall of Maud S. is twenty by twenty-four feet, and the others, though not so large, are of good size. There are at present in the stable Maud S., Aldine, Early Rose, Leander, Lysander, Bay Dick, Small Hopes, Charles Dickens, and four coach-horses. There are six large coaches, eight light wagons, and two sulkies. Six men are employed as grooms and hostlers.

—Writing of Mr. LABOUCHERE, proprietor of London *Truth*, a correspondent of the *Tribune* says: "He has some great advantages over many editors and owners of newspapers. First, he was born in the purple, the nephew of a peer; second, he was for some time in the diplomatic service, an education in itself; third, he has sat in two Parliaments, and is always in his place on any important night in the House of Commons. Hence he is not obliged to take a great part of his political, diplomatic, or social knowledge at second or third hand. Again, he is a large financial operator in the City, and can write with a firm hand on matters in connection with which he has won and lost great sums. On theatrical subjects he is calculated to form a sound judgment, for the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre was his for several years, and was run by him at the time *Joan of Arc* was produced."

—In an interesting two-column letter on the London *World*, published in the *Tribune* recently, it is with entire accuracy said that "probably no man in the history of English journalism has enjoyed such an exceptional position as the proprietor of the *World* has conquered by sheer ability and perseverance. The latter word is used advisedly, for never did man work more diligently to achieve success than Mr. YATES. Married early, with four children to bring up on the salary of a clerk in the Post-office, he began at once, like many government employés here, to look on literary work as a kind of help to his salary, and when quite a youth produced a dramatic notice and a copy of verses for a guinea, after the scale of remuneration not uncommon in London thirty odd years ago. . . . Soon afterward he became one of the most active of 'Mr. DICKENS's young men,' then dramatic critic of the *Daily News*, and subsequently developed into a brilliant novelist, *Land at Last* and *Black Sheep* being conspicuously successful. Afterward, in Paris, in connection with the late GRENVILLE MURRAY, the *World* was determined upon, and the two, putting up £600, announced it 'in the most impudent prospectus ever written.' It is great fun to talk over these things now with Mr. YATES, who, quite admitting the impudence of many of his crude efforts, will yet wink his eye after the manner of G. A. SALA, and observe, 'You must beat the drum, or nobody will come to the show.'" The letter then goes on to speak of the principal writers on the *World*, who are among the cleverest men in England. The *World* is now one of the institutions of Great Britain. It is more read by more intelligent people than any paper in Europe, and is oftener quoted than any other journal, because from beginning to end, week after week, it is thoroughly original and entertaining, and furnishes that which everybody likes to read. Mr. YATES deserves the brilliant success he has so ably and indefatigably won.



THE PHILLIPSE MANOR-HOUSE, AT YONKERS, TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 662.]

THE BRIDGE OVER FRONT STREET, AT ARCH.

THE CITY OF WILLIAM PENN.

IN FOUR PARTS.

III.

THE Quakers had left England, braved the terrors of the then long sea-voyage, and risked Indian hostilities on land, principally that they might enjoy religious liberty. Therefore to them a meeting-house for the use of all seemed quite as urgent a necessity as residences for individuals. Four walls and a roof to shelter them, and chairs or benches to sit on, were all they needed, and these wants they in their poverty could meet as satisfactorily as if they had at their command the wealth of the Church during the Middle Ages.

In the plan which WILLIAM PENN laid out for his city he reserved a space about half-way between the Delaware and the Schuylkill for a public square, which with its green grass and great shade trees would be a pleasant relief to dusty streets and city closeness. Around it all the principal buildings, such as court-house, meeting-house, and market, were to be erected. The spot thus selected was in the midst of a dense forest of oaks and hickories, through which deer, and even bears and wolves, ran wild. But PENN had no insignificant expectations as to the growth of his town. That it would extend rapidly he was quite sure, and he inspired his colonists with like feelings of certainty. It would have been well had they waited to see in which direction it would spread, instead of trusting that the paper plan would be realized. *Festina lente*—hasten slowly—would in their case have been the wisest policy. For it eventually turned out that citizens, as if in spirit of contradiction, built their houses toward the south and north, and not westward, as they should have done, and Centre Square remained for many years far out of town—so much so, indeed, that it was long supposed to be a favorite trysting-place for the restless ghosts whose duty it was to guard the treasures which pirates had buried near the Schuylkill.

KIDD must have had a vast amount of treasure, if we are to believe all the local legends, from Campobello, in New Brunswick, to Florida. It is said that a man proposing to purchase a hundred acres near Lewes, in Delaware, asked if it was not rumored that KIDD had buried a treasure on the property. Being informed that such was the case, he replied: "I thought so. And is there a Lovers' Leap?"

"Yes."

"And a place where an Indian scalped a white girl?"

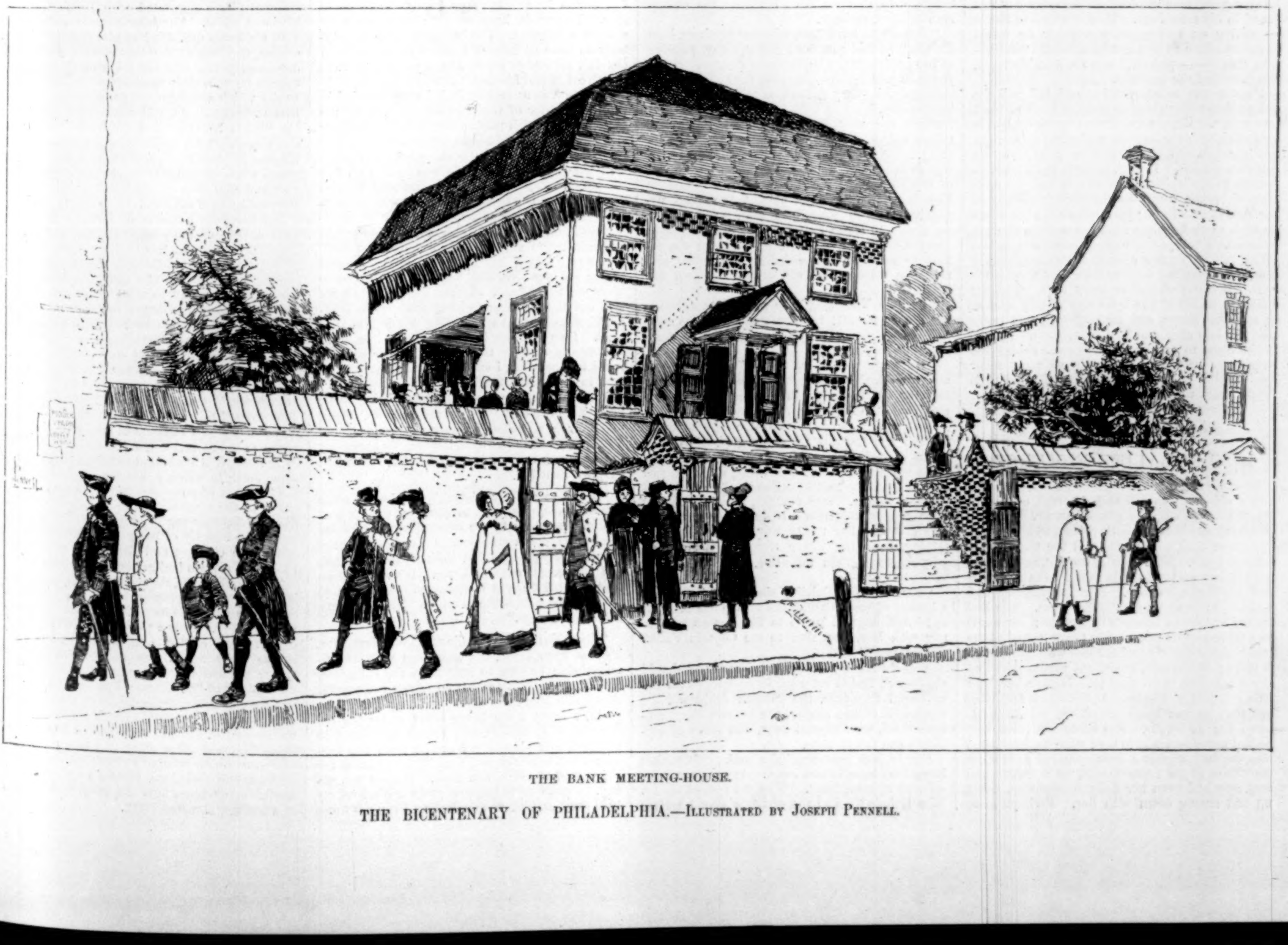
"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Because I've looked at a hundred sites all along the coast, and there wasn't one that hadn't all of them."

The energetic settlers, knowing nothing of the future, and not doubting that trees and animals would quickly disappear, began to work at once upon their new meeting-house. Notwithstanding toils and tribulations in individual undertakings, a good-sized substantial brick building was soon finished, there being "many hearts and hands for this labor of love," as ROBERT TURNER wrote to PENN.

It was a pretty walk to it in spring, when the woods were sweet with May blossoms, and made musical by the "greenwood orchestra," or in autumn, when they were aflame with golden-rod and sumac. But in winter, and in summer, when the "sonne is hot, the day is long," it seemed interminable, and was very wearisome. In those times street cars were not, and private equipages were few and far between. Therefore all went on foot, old and infirm Friends being glad to pause awhile at the "Half-way Rest," as they called a shady corner where benches had been placed for their convenience.

If it was difficult to reach the meeting-house in the woods by day, it was an impossibility to do so at night. There were no lights, and no watchmen, the old cries of "Ten o'clock and all's well!" and "One o'clock and a starry night!" not being known until a much later date.



THE BANK MEETING-HOUSE.

THE BICENTENARY OF PHILADELPHIA.—ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

Streets were bad, but country roads were worse. As there remained a surplus of bricks and timber, and as hearts were still willing and hands able to work, another house was soon built, which, because of the deficiency it was intended to supply, was distinguished as the "Evening Meeting." It was on Front Street, just at the top of the high river-bank where pine-trees had been, and from its steps the river and the country on the opposite shore could be seen. When the street was cut down, and it was left high above the new level, the eminence on which it stood was carefully sodded, looking not unlike a country hill-side, and hence came its name of Bank Meeting-house, by which it has always been best known. It was pretty and picturesque there on moonlight nights, when groups of gray figures lingered at the southern door—the woman's entrance—exchanging friendly salutations, as they looked at the river, and the Jersey coast beyond, soft and shadowy in the pale silver light. Quaker youths in lines waited on the street without for the fair members of the congregation, and there were quiet walks home, and doubtless gentle wooing in that silent hour. But this simple fashion had its evil consequences. Perhaps maidens grew shyer, or else youths waxed bolder. However that may be, there were in the end complaints of "nightly insults," which were deemed so serious that evening meetings were discontinued.

Other meeting-houses were built in rapid succession, so that if a Quaker was dissatisfied with one he could choose another. In so doing, however, he had to brave the contempt of his steadier brethren. "Friend Waln, I have come to thy meeting this morning," said one of the fickle-minded once to Nicholas Waln. "I am glad to see thee; it is good for calves to change pasture occasionally," answered the honest old Quaker, who was quite as ready with his caustic wit as with his smiles of sunshine.

There stands at the corner of Fifth and Arch streets an old building now used as a library, but which was originally a meeting-house, built in 1783, with the year of the French Empire added later, showing how great the French influence was in Philadelphia at that time: the Quakers, thinking it possible that the French method of reckoning the years might become generally accepted, concluded it was well to be on the safe side. It is amusing to see how, in spite of all the assumption of great simplicity on the part of the Quakers—as, for instance, in brick buildings—many were still influenced by the associations of aristocracy and power. Penn himself was not altogether unworldly as regarded the pride of place, and some of his most Quakerly friends were, it is to be feared, rather vain of being so near the great man. It is said that once the Governor, accompanied by his friend Logan, took shelter during a thunder-storm in a tobacco warehouse. "Do you know who I am?" said the proprietor, resenting the intrusion; "I am a Justice of the Peace!" "My friend here," said Logan, pointing to Penn, "makes such things as thee. He is Lord Proprietor of Pennsylvania!"

It should be remembered that the strongly marked characteristics of Philadelphia at the present day are due to the homogeneousness of its early inhabitants. Even when a Quaker left the meeting, he remained a Quaker in habits, and these habits extended themselves to the Goim or Gentiles. It is said that in the old days the clerks at the Custom-house in Philadelphia were in great doubt as to whether a very Friendly-looking gentleman who came there every day was sound in his orthodoxy. They resolved to test it by asking on one occasion whether he would swear or affirm as to a certain invoice. "Whichever thee d—— pleases," was the amiable reply, which settled the question.

Penn seems to have understood full well the charm that water gives to scenery, be it of town or country. Houses which were low down by the shore had by his orders low roofs, that they might not interfere with the river view from those on a higher ground. Indeed, he paid particular attention to the laying out of streets and the erection of houses within the immediate vicinity of the Delaware. In one place where the bank was so high as to interfere with the cutting through of streets, a bridge was built in preference to levelling it. This was a notable enterprise for such a primitive age, and good citizens took great pride in it. Because of the archway thus made, the street at which it was built was usually spoken of as Arch Street, and its original name being less and less used was finally forgotten. And so it has come to pass that though the bridge has long since been sacrificed, with so many other quaint relics of the past, the name derived from it still bears witness to its old importance.

Elizabeth Robins.

MISS EULALIE'S ELM-TREE.

It was a magnificent work of nature, Miss Eulalie's elm-tree; so tall and graceful, overhanging the street with its green banner, lending a charming shade to her little parlor, which gave it the air of a dim, cool recess in the woods on a summer's day. Miss Eulalie loved it, and, except for her gay young ward, it would seem as if she had little else to love. Her grandfather had planted it; it was a sort of heirloom. She had passed her youth beneath its boughs; her name was carved on its stem. She never looked at the tree without thinking of the one who had carved it there; of the still, moonlight nights they had spent together in its shadow. It gave her both pain and pleasure—pleasure, because it reminded her that he had loved her once; pain, that he loved her no longer. She could not guess why he had never returned to her; what had estranged him was still as great a mystery to her as in those early days of her bereavement, when sorrow and suspense had been her daily companions, rising up and sitting down with her. Perhaps some fairer woman had enslaved him, perhaps he had never really loved her at all, and she experienced a pang of mortified pride when she reflected that she had possibly been vain enough to make the mistake. Year by year she watched the tender green of the elm thicken into dark masses of leaves; year by year she watched them fading and falling, like her own hopes and illusions: it was a poem to her; and yet, after all, it was only Miss Eulalie's elm-tree by permission. The home of her ancestors had fallen into other hands; she had only returned to it by a happy chance, not as its owner. Mrs. Vaughn, the purchaser, had a daughter to be educated, and Miss Eulalie had taken the situation. When Mrs. Vaughn died, she devised that Miss Eulalie should make a home with Isabel, be mother, sister, and teacher, all in one, to that wayward young person, till she should marry—in short, stand in the gap. Miss Eulalie had been used to standing in gaps all her life: this was nothing new. And it was a home—her old home where she had dreamed dreams. When she walked at twilight beneath the old elm its leaves seemed to whisper, "Just here he kissed you first," and "Here you said good-by." No wonder she loved the old tree!

"Dangerous thing," said Captain Valentine, tapping its trunk with his cane as he walked by; "hollow-hearted as a jilt, Miss Eulalie."

"You are mistaken," she rejoined; "it is as sound as a nut."

"But it must come down," he added, as if his word were law.

"*Never*, while I live, Captain Valentine."

"You forget that I am a man of property; that I pay more taxes than any one in Littleford; that I can buy every tree in the place, and cut it down, if I choose."

"Then it is only from pure good-nature that you beg my consent to cut down this exquisite tree? Do you know, I have loved it from a child; my grandfather planted it—"

"I know that Miss Isabel owns the whole estate, and I know that this bone of contention, this tree, obstructs the view from my windows, Miss Eulalie, which is more to the point—that its boughs leap into the air so high and spread their branches so wide, that it blots out the view of the sea, 'the open sea';" and he passed on up the long green lawn to his new home, with its marble steps and broad balconies, which made its humble neighbor seem forlorn and shabby. Miss Eulalie looked at the imposing structure, at the parterres of brilliant flowers, at the fountain tossing its jets into the sunlight, the velvet terraces and lawn, and smiled. Why had Captain Valentine chosen to build his palace so near her home? Why had he built at all, at his time of life, with no family to inherit, and no wife to do its honors? How lonely he must be, she thought, in the spacious mansion, with nobody but the servants to speak with! Why had he never married? In the humility of her heart Miss Eulalie never dreamed that it was because she would not marry him. That had happened so many years ago, before he and Anson Andrews had sailed together in the *Water Witch*. How angry he had been then! how jealous of Anson! How bitterly he had sworn that the day should come when she would give her heart's blood to recall the words—when she should regret her folly in dust and ashes! But of course he had forgotten all that—the ravings of an untamed nature. He had been only second mate then, with little or nothing ahead in the world; to-day he was Captain Valentine, with that world at his feet: the richest man in town, perhaps.

"You might have been mistress up there, Miss Eulalie," he had reminded her one day, pausing at her gateway after the house was done. "But you took your choice—you took your choice, and"—laughing—"they tell us that beggars shouldn't be choosers."

From the very first Captain Valentine had raised a hue and cry about Miss Eulalie's elm-tree; it almost seemed as if he had selected the site to tease her, as if he wished to strip her of everything she loved, since she declined to love himself. "I have bought the most expensive spot in town," he said, "and spared no money, in order that I might open my eyes every morning on my beloved sea, and you refuse to sacrifice a tree for an old friend and neighbor, a tree which will drop of its own will presently."

"Captain Valentine," she said, "you have my word, once for all: the elm shall stand so long as I am mistress here. There need be no more words about it."

"No more words, but deeds," he answered, and a wicked, angry light flamed in his eyes, such as she had seen there once before. The man could hold fire like iron.

But then the subject dropped, as she believed. He did not mention the tree again. "He has given it up," she thought; "he makes a great noise when he can't have his way, and then forgets about it." But Miss Eulalie did not do the Captain justice. One twilight, as she returned from a sick neighbor's, it gave her a curious shock to see her pretty ward, Isabel Vaughn, talking, over the hedge which separated the grounds, to Captain Valentine, who wore a rose in his button-hole.

"See, dear Miss Eulalie," she cried—"see what a basket of roses Captain Valentine has brought us! And might I go up to The Towers to-morrow with Mrs. Van Buff to see Captain Valentine's Corot?"

Miss Eulalie could hardly refuse—why should she?—and Isabel returned in ecstasies with the mediæval furniture, the Persian draperies, the wonderful carved ivories, the carpets like woodland moss, the Oriental rugs, and skins of ant-eaters and tawny lions.

"It is just heavenly," she said. "It makes home look squalid and mean. It makes me low-spirited to come back. Why did you let me go, Miss Eulalie? And the elm-tree *does* interfere with his view more or less; but what of that? He has everything else. He can gallop to the sea in half an hour. Such horses! I've always longed for a saddle-horse. Captain Valentine has promised to lend me a safe one."

And day after day he kept his word, and brought his horses round for Miss Isabel to try, or left flowers and fruits that fairly inundated the small house; or perhaps he gathered the young people together, and gave a fête under his trees, with dancing on the broad veranda hung with festoons of Chinese lanterns; and sometimes Miss Eulalie was obliged to chaperon Isabel, and sit, a faded wall-flower, in the house of her old suitor.

"I wonder why Captain Valentine never married?" said Isabel, after one of these fêtes. "I wonder how it seems to be so everlasting rich; to have no worry about money; to—"

"Isabel," warned Miss Eulalie, "you care too much for money. There are better things."

"Mention one, please."

"You will think I am a sentimental old woman, but love is better a thousandfold."

"I don't know. Love is very nice, but if you must go without everything else, without pretty gowns and jewels and splendor, give me money."

"You are too young to choose. Pretty gowns, jewels, and splendor lose their charm when you are used to them, but love outlasts everything."

But Miss Eulalie's words were wasted. "I love money," Isabel confessed; "I adore clothes. I don't know about love."

In spite of all that had happened, Miss Eulalie was quite unprepared when Isabel said to her: "I've something to tell you. I dare say you know it already, though. I am going to marry Captain Valentine, and wear cashmeres and sapphires, and go abroad, and never have to count my change again. Congratulate me."

"You are joking," cried Miss Eulalie.

"Then it's the best joke in the world! It's no joke to the other girls, let me tell you."

"You are going to marry Captain Valentine? Do you know that he is old enough—"

"To know better."

"Do you love him, Isabel?"

"I like him well enough. I love his money."

"Isabel, don't do it. You will sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. I can't allow it: the *idea* of your marrying him! It is too preposterous, too mercenary. Why, he was once a lover of my own," pursued Miss Eulalie, forgetting herself.

"Why didn't you marry him, and save me the trouble?" asked Isabel. "But perhaps he was poor then?"

"It was not that."

"What then? You loved somebody else?"

"I don't mind telling you now, Isabel. I had another lover—Anson Andrews. I've never gotten over it. There have been weeks and months when I've tried with all my soul to forget him—to unlove him. He and Captain Valentine sailed together in the *Water Witch*, and when Captain Valentine returned he brought me all the trinkets and letters I had sent Anson Andrews, but never a word more."

"You dear old faithful thing! you shall dress in satin de Lyon and thread lace; we shall live in the lap of luxury; and I'll send word to Anson Andrews if he is at farthest Thule. How oddly things turn out! Fancy my marrying your cast-off lover!"

"Isabel, I beg you not to—"

"Not marry Captain Valentine just because I'm not in love? Perhaps I never shall be in love. You would have me give up so much for a mere sentiment. You mustn't expect everybody to have as intense feelings as yourself. I couldn't remember a man fifteen years if he were the Great Mogul himself."

Captain Valentine and Isabel were married in the little parlor of the old house, shaded by the old elm-tree, which made pretty dancing shadows on the wall. It was a most informal affair; and when it was over, and the clergyman had pocketed his fee, and the bride was trying on her travelling hat, Miss Eulalie stepped into the garden to draw a long breath. What were the working-men doing there at that hour?

"Go into the house, Miss Eulalie," said Captain Valentine. "I am going to celebrate my wedding day. Isabel has made me a wedding gift of the old elm-tree, and I'm cutting it down to burn on the hearth at The Towers, while we look out at the 'dreary winter sea.' Miss Eulalie, when you thwart a Valentine, you do it at your peril. Do you think I married Isabel for love? Revenge is sweeter than love. When you refused to marry me, I swore I would make you repent in dust and ashes."

Miss Eulalie turned silently toward the house, but paused to look back from the doorway. There was a crash, and when a strange blur had cleared away from before her eyes, Captain Valentine lay dead beneath a great arm of the tree, which had snapped as it fell.

"I feel so awfully wicked," said Isabel, some months later, awed and ashamed at finding herself in possession of the coveted wealth without the burdensome conditions. "I've been looking over his papers with Mr. Billings, the executor, and we ferreted out this letter. It's from Anson Andrews. I thought it explained something; at any rate you might like to see it. It's dated Australia, a year ago."

"Dear Val" (Miss Eulalie read),—"Here I am, leagues from home, but possessed with an unquenchable longing to hear from the old place, and a homesickness which no money can relieve. Sometimes when I'm smoking in my bungalow, alone, I fancy I am home again under the old elm-tree with Eulalie, still young, with hope in my soul, and presently I awake from the day-dream and berate myself soundly for allowing the old wound to throb and ache. Believe me, old boy, in spite of the fifteen years behind us, my bald head, and her double-dealing, I can not think of her and all I've lost without a weight at my heart. I was a happy wight when we shipped in the *Water Witch*. I'm free to confess I've never seen a happy day since you confided to me that *you* were going to marry Eulalie. I remember how black you looked when I told you she belonged to me, and how we then and there swore we would neither of us marry such a heartless jilt! How have *you* weathered it, messmate? And what has happened to her? Has she befooled any more true-lovers? After all I believe that

"'My heart would hear her and beat
Had it lain for a century dead.'

"Write me about her, and if the old elm-tree, where I kissed her first, is still standing. 'Our love is dead, but the tree is alive.' No, love is not dead; I can not slay it; it smoulders and torments me."

"Miss Eulalie," said Isabel, when Eulalie had folded the letter with trembling fingers, "there has been a great wrong done. Mr. Billings and I mean to right it. We mean to send word to Anson Andrews; we are going to tell him what an angel you are. We have talked it all over. And about this money—I couldn't make up my mind to touch a cent of it if I were starving. I shall found a hospital with it. Mr. Billings is to help me. We have talked it all over; I don't care for splendor any longer; I have found out, Miss Eulalie, that love is best."

THE WINGED POST.

Swallow, roving swallow,
When you cross the sea,
There's a little kindness
You can do for me.
If you see my sailor boy
On the ocean way,
Tell him that I love him
Better every day.

Oh, you know him, swallow;
In the early spring
Many a time you passed us
With a glancing wing.
You were sure to notice
One so bold and gay;
Tell him that I love him
Better every day.

Tell him that I whisper
Every hour his name;
Tell him that he'll find me
Evermore the same.
The wind, ho! the wind, ho!
Bloweth fair to-day;
Swallow, find my sailor boy;
Tell him what I say.

THE PHILLIPSE MANOR-HOUSE.

In the Phillipse manor-house Yonkers possesses one of the few mansions which date back to the time of the Dutch colony. The manor-house was greatly enlarged and improved during the English colonial period, but the original portion, which is still standing, comprises by itself a substantial mansion of the seventeenth century. Externally the addition conforms to the original nucleus, but internally the contrast between the seventeenth and eighteenth century work is striking. The older part is unmistakably Dutch, with large mouldings, rather rudely formed, and with chimney-pieces decorated with Dutch tiling in blue and white. The later rooms are decorated with elaborate modelling in plaster on walls and ceiling, the design being that common in the late Jacobean period and the reign of Queen Anne, though it bears little resemblance to the modern works which are supposed to be in the style of that sovereign. All this work is executed with the utmost neatness and precision—a neatness and precision with which we are familiarized by the use of moulding-machines and the like, but which when we find it in hand-work implies more care and skill than we can find in the possession of contemporary artisans.

The people of Yonkers are fortunate in having such a relic of the earliest days of the colony. They have been wise in securing the preservation of the mansion by making it the City Hall, and putting it in the care of a committee of citizens, who are appointed "to study the best means of protecting the manor-house, so far as may be, intact from unnecessary or ill-judged alterations, and, if possible, of enhancing its attractions by such improvements in its surroundings as may on due consideration seem likely to add materially to the beauty of this the central part of our young city." One of the most important things done toward this end is the establishment in the manor-house of a museum of local antiquities, already of great interest, and sure to become of even more, if it continues to be managed in the same spirit in which it has been established, by the bequests of persons who perceive, by the example of the manor-house itself, how much more likely antiquities are to be preserved if they are put in the custody of the public than if they are left to the changes and chances of private fortunes and private inclinations and interests.

The manor-house, though the most conspicuous, is not the only interesting antiquity of Yonkers. St. John's Church was built by Frederick Phillipse in 1752. Only a piece of wall and a double door remain of the original fabric, but some twelve years ago a new church was built, or rather the old church was reconstructed, after the designs of Mr. Edward Potter, in the spirit and copying some of the details of the old work. The result is a beautiful church which connects the present of Yonkers with its past, in the same thoughtful and pious spirit in which the people of Yonkers have secured a visible evidence of the continuity of their local history by converting a feudal manor-house into the municipal building of a thriving American city.

MISSOURI'S FAVORITE SON.

The surrender of Mr. Frank James has followed closely upon that of Arabi Pasha, and the victory of Governor Crittenden is as complete as that of Sir Garnet Wolseley. To a certain extent both victories were unexpected. Nobody supposed that the Egyptian war would be ended by a single battle lasting not over thirty minutes, and no one dreamed that Mr. Frank James would lay down his arms without waiting to be shot in the back or captured by blood-thirsty detectives. Nevertheless, Mr. James has voluntarily surrendered, trusting to the honor of his enemies, as Napoleon, when he went on board the *Bellerophon*, trusted to the honor of the British government. Let us hope that the tragedy of St. Helena will not be repeated, and that the world will be spared the pathetic spectacle of the great Missourian caged on a lonely island—or penitentiary to that effect—discoursing with his jailers of "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I," and prophesying that within thirty years Missouri will be either Puritan or Bandit.

There is no doubt that Mr. James could have maintained himself for some time to come against the State of Missouri. He felt, however, that the time had come to check the further effusion of blood and purses. Years ago Mr. James was driven to desperation by the selfish unwillingness of people to give him a fair proportion of their money, and compelled to take up arms by the brutality of men who resorted to violence to protect their purses. Having thus placed himself in an attitude of hostility to the State of Missouri, he was pursued with relentless hatred by the State authorities. Every trifling train robbery or petty murder that he committed increased the energy of his enemies. A large reward was offered for his capture, and there was only too much probability that he would finally fall into the hands of his pursuers. In these circumstances he resolved to lay down his arms, and appeal to the generosity of his foes. He wrote to Governor Crittenden, informing him that the "work of heaping infamy" on the name of James was going "steadily on and on as it began so many years ago," and that the only hope of putting a stop to this painful process lay in the voluntary surrender of the writer. He suggested that "enough blood had been spilled, enough hearts broken, enough lives blighted," and announced that he came "as a man who, conscious of an honest purpose, asks to be permitted to do what an earnest, law-abiding citizen may to remove from Missouri the odium for which his name is in part responsible." The Governor replied, accepting Mr. James's offer to surrender in the same chivalrous and humane spirit in which it was made, and shortly afterward Mr. James presented himself at the capital with but a single companion, and with quiet dignity yielded up his sword—or rather his revolvers—to the deeply affected Governor.

To the superficial observer, Mr. James's present position may seem a very enviable one. It is true that he has been defeated in his long and gallant struggle with the State of Missouri, but he is surrounded by all the romance which attaches to the leader of a lost cause. Immediately after his surrender he held what the Western newspapers call a levée at the chief hotel of Jefferson City. For hours his room was crowded with men who were anxious for the honor of shaking hands with him. So great was the throng that accidents would undoubtedly have happened had not a leading citizen volunteered to act as master of ceremonies, and persuaded Mr. James's admirers to form in line, and to wait their respective turns for presentation to Missouri's favorite son. The newspapers devoted column after column to descriptions of Mr. James's personal appearance, and eager reporters filled their note-books with the conversations which he affably condescended to hold with them. The sympathy and admiration expressed for him were universal, and a prominent judge of some unspecified Missouri court loudly lamented that he was not the Governor of the State, so that he could have the pleasure of instantly pardoning so admirable an outlaw. No other public man has ever received so magnificent and enthusiastic a reception as the people of Jefferson City, without distinction of party, have given to Mr. James, and a Pittsburgh manager has already offered him $20,000 for a brief theatrical engagement. He is not only the most famous but the most popular man in Missouri, and though we are assured that "notoriety is distasteful to him," he must be more than human if he does not feel proud at the recognition which his merits have received.

But it is by no means certain that Mr. James has acted wisely in surrendering himself. He has no right to expect to find in magistrates and jurymen the same chivalrous and magnanimous spirit which characterizes the noble outlaw. He is to be tried for murder and robbery, and no matter how cordially the judge and the jury may admire him, the weight of the evidence against him may compel his conviction. Governor Crittenden has already shown that he is in many respects an antagonist of Mr. James, but he has refrained from pledging himself to give Mr. James a pardon in case of his conviction. Moreover, the Governors of several other States are claiming an interest in Mr. James, on the frivolous plea that indictments against him exist in their respective States. It is thus evident that Mr. James is not yet out of danger, and that he may have good cause to regret his surrender. It would have been wiser for him to have offered himself as a candidate for the Governorship, to have retained his independence until after his election, and then to have granted himself a full pardon. Or he might have called a congress of the Governors of Missouri, Iowa, Kentucky, and neighboring States, and obtained from them full pardons in advance of his surrender. As it is, he runs the risk of a year or two of imprisonment, and although Missouri will doubtless send him to the United States Senate as soon as he is free, he will have suffered an outrage of which no high-minded bandit can think without disgust and indignation.

W. L. Alden.

THE PERSIAN CAPITAL.

Teheran is entered from the Qum side through a tawdry blue-tiled gate, topped by a bold picture of Rustam's combat with the White Demon, wrought in colored tiles. In design this is equal to a school-boy's drawing on a slate; as a piece of coloring it is effective enough. Passing under this work of art, one crosses the space between the *enceinte* and the town. The wall is several sizes too large for Teheran. It is an earthwork of modern design and sufficient solidity, but ruinous in parts, and destitute of guns. At length the glories of the High Street burst upon the view. Its even row of low whitewashed houses, with flat roofs and narrow fronts, reminds one of a new bazar built by some flourishing Indian municipality. But the coffee-houses are distinctly Persian. They open on gardens behind, and through the doors can be seen small round tables, samovars, tea-cups, and qalyans, arranged against a background of green leaves and falling water. Presently one passes a coffee-house of European fashion, with elegant couches and mirrors, and a drinking bar. Then there is a tailor's shop, which might pass for European if it had glass in the windows; and one or two inscriptions, such as *Usine à Gaz, Salle à Photographie*, suggest the invasion of Western influences. The street ends in a square surrounded by barracks, whence another street leads through the European quarter. Here is a hotel, kept by an Armenian, comfortable enough, though bestowed in a two-storied Persian house, with small rooms, steep stairs of brick, and a deep court-yard in the middle. One has to do without a bathroom, and without bed or bedding; but the food is not bad, and good light wine can be had cheap.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An aged resident of Georgia, talking about a storm that visited his region not long ago, went on to say: "And didn't it blow, though? Where yer reckin it come frum? and what 'll they do for wind there till it gets back?"

A daily newspaper reverts to the heroism of "the man who ate the first oyster." Geology indicates pretty strongly that the first oyster was not eaten, that it was about the size of a blacksmith's bellows, and that it died naturally and peacefully in its bed a great many years before man began searching for edible mollusks.

The Speaker's desk in the House of Representatives was so splintered by the gavel during the last session that it had to be re-enforced with hard wood. The idea of using boiler iron did not suggest itself till the repairs were finished.

When a notable person announces the intention to play Hamlet, the newspaper wits improve the opportunity. Says a Chicago paper: "Nobody will doubt Hamlet's madness when Miln gets through with him."

It is proposed to honor the memory of Roger Williams by naming after him the principal streets in the several towns and cities of Rhode Island. How much less trouble it would be to simply name the State after him!

A Swampscot fisherman was knocked down by a fish that he hauled from the bay. It weighed three hundred pounds, and was what is known thereabouts as a cramp-fish, or torpedo-electric ray.

Apropos of a Chicago preacher's averment that he has never seen a lady reading a newspaper in a street car, the Savannah *Times* says: "Well, he has never seen a lady smoking on a car platform either, has he? It simply goes to show that a lady is no gentleman."

A village in Washington Territory was called Hangtown because six Indian horse-thieves were once hanged there. A correspondent says the place is "shunned by immigrants, deserted by settlers, and generally despised," all on account of its name.

It is said that since the fire in the theatre at Vienna, where the loss of life was greatly increased by cutting off the gas and leaving passages to the exits in darkness, many ladies carry small lanterns to the theatre, and keep them lighted during the play.

A woman of San Francisco appeared at a recent meeting of the "Social Science Sisterhood" clad in a black velvet coat-tailed basque, a short black silk pleated skirt, and black cassimere trousers covering the instep.

A fisherman gives directions how to tell whether a snag or a big fish is on the hook in deep water. The line is to be taken between the teeth, and the angler is to yell, "Hello!" If it is a fish, he will begin to dart around in the liveliest manner.

The Boston *Journal* says that one of the regular exercises at the Normal School is writing words from dictation and defining them, and that a young woman spelled *hazardous* "hazardess," and gave the definition "a female hazard."

A miser farmer recently died in Ohio who had grain on hand that had been stored away for twenty years or more, and which he was holding for a rise in the market. He predicted a general failure of the wheat crop in the West this season, and refused to sow any grain on his farm, because, he said, his teams would be occupied with hauling the stored grain to market. He had made but one sale of grain since the close of the civil war. His fortune amounted to about a hundred thousand dollars.

Harmony Grove is a queer name to be associated with duelling, and it was a queer duel that was fought there not long ago. New carriage whips were the weapons chosen by the challenged person, and the distance was five feet. After fighting for five hours both men declared that they were satisfied. They were also exhausted.

The New Orleans *Picayune* has discovered that a fan may be used to hide the absence of a blush.

The theory that accidents occur in groups composed of events bearing some resemblance to one another is further supported by the fact that three railway circus trains have recently been wrecked, and these three wrecks are almost the only ones of their kind that have ever occurred.

While the annual caravan was on its way recently from Cairo to Mecca a sacrilegious telegraph wire caught the canopy over the sacred carpet, and exposed that article to view. The account of the lamentable mishap says that the dervishes in charge were greatly excited, and that it was not certain that the caravan would not have to return to Cairo and make a new start.

A Philadelphia newspaper has made the interesting discovery that not all the silver three-cent pieces that have gone out of circulation were retired by rolling into cracks. Two tons of these reprehensible coins are now at the mint in that city awaiting recoinage into ten-cent pieces, and several tons additional are stored in the sub-treasuries to meet a similar fate before long. The total coinage of silver three-cent pieces has been some forty tons, according to this authority.

The chairman of the Democratic State Committee in Georgia recently wrote to a member of his party in a distant county asking him to forward the name of every candidate for the Legislature in that county. The recipient of the letter wrote: "For a full and comprehensive reply I think I can offer nothing better than to refer you to the census returns of 1880, and suggest that you select therefrom the entire white male population above the age of twenty-one years. But as the names of a few of the most prominent candidates will doubtless subserve the purpose you have in view, I herewith submit the following." Appended were half a dozen names.

Speaking of the President's going to Boston, the *Transcript* of that city said: "The etiquette of the State does not permit the Governor to invite any but State officers, not even the Mayor of Boston, to go with him to meet the President on his arrival in the city."

A writer in the Boston *Transcript* claims to have discovered an insect thermometer, the temperature within a certain range being indicated by the key to which the insect's piping is pitched. The insect is the August piper, the loudest singer of the insects of this latitude. Of his observation, he says: "I found that when the mercury stood at 80° Fahrenheit these insects were invariably singing as high as F natural; when the mercury stood at 75° they sang one tone lower, and always changed from a higher to a lower key as the air grew colder, and the contrary as it grew warmer. Their notes varied about one tone with every five degrees of change in the weather as marked by the thermometer. I never heard them singing on a higher key than F natural or on a lower key than G, comprising one musical tone less than an octave in their compass." He finds that the relations between the temperature of the atmosphere and the key of the insects' piping are about as follows: 80°, F natural; 75°, E flat; 70°, D; 65°, C; 60°, B flat; 55°, A; 50°, G. "I have no doubt," he writes, "that with a good thermometer and a well-tuned instrument the changes produced in the shrillness of the tones of these little green insects by changes of temperature might be marked with such a degree of accuracy that we might use them as a musical thermometer."

CHEAPER BEEF.

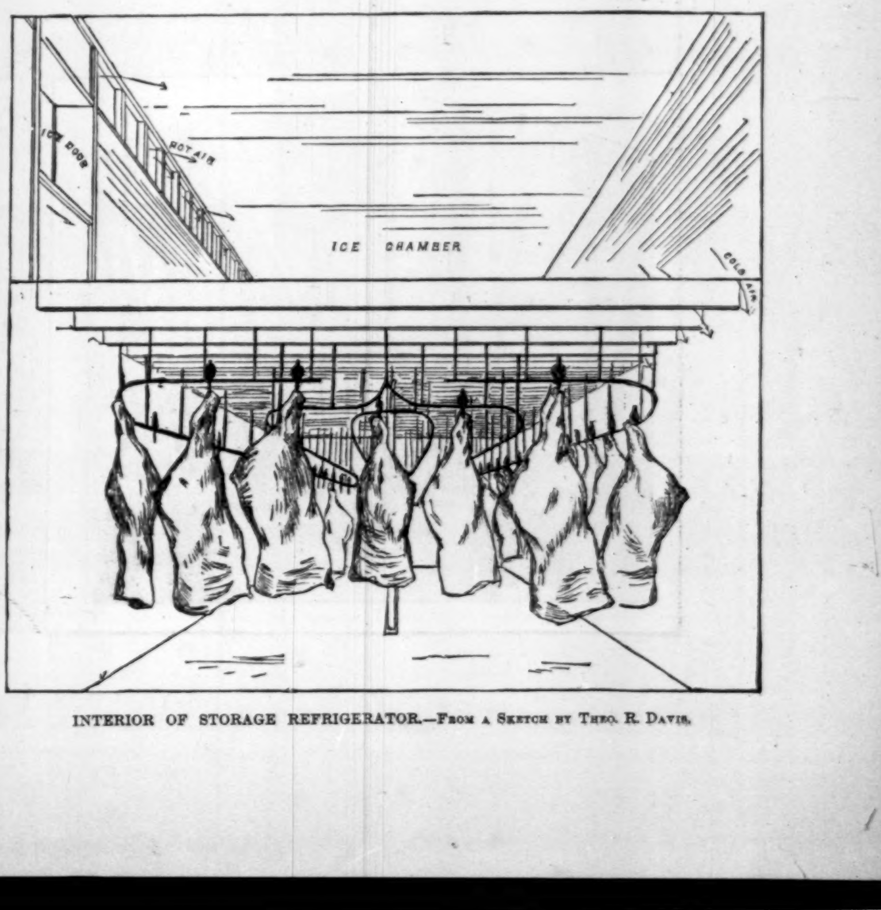
As an adequate and cheap supply of wholesome food is one of the most important items in the economy of a great city, the present agitation of the beef market, which must result in a decided and permanent lowering of the extravagant prices that have ruled for years in New York, can not fail to awaken the deepest interest. Other cities, in all directions, have benefited by a lively competition between dealers in dressed beef brought from the West in refrigerating cars and that brought on the hoof to be killed and dressed at the point of delivery, and at last this era of cheap beef has begun for New York. Home consumers will no longer be compelled to suffer from the swindled feeling with which they have listened to statements that dressed meat shipped from here to England sells for less there than here, for the same system which for three years has supplied American beef for the roasts of Old England has been put in operation to supply New York with the beef of Western prairies.

This system is simply the shipment of dressed beef from Chicago to the East in refrigerating cars, and its receipt and storage until delivery in refrigerating buildings. Only last week the first of these buildings, located on Devoe Avenue, in West Washington Market, and bearing the sign of G. F. & E. C. Swift, was opened for the new business. Most of its ground-floor is divided into two large rooms, in which, by means of triple walls, and three hundred tons of ice stored in rooms of similar size above them, a temperature of from 38° to 40° is constantly maintained. Along the walls apertures connect the upper and lower rooms, and through these the warm air from the lower ascends on the one side, while the cold air from the upper descends on the other. These refrigerators will contain two hundred head of dressed beef cattle, hung from little one-wheeled iron trucks that run on railways depending from the ceiling, as is shown in the illustration on this page.

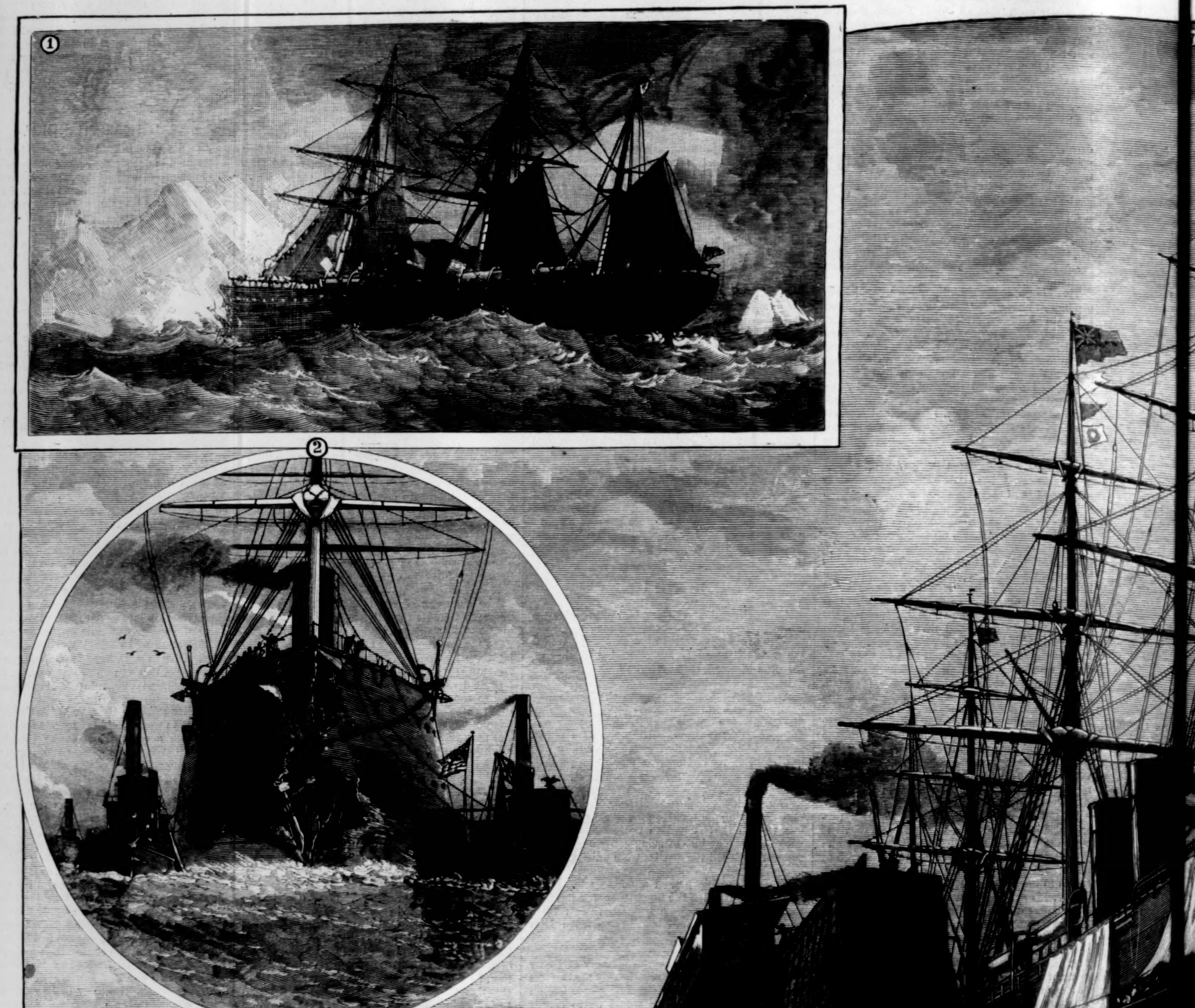
Similar railways are attached to the ceilings of the cars in which the beef travels from Chicago; and when a car reaches Jersey City it is run upon a barge, towed across the river until its door is opposite that of the storage building, the railways of the two are connected, and the meat is easily transferred to the storage-room, which is of the same temperature as the car, without loss of time, and without being removed from the hook on which it was hung when killed.

By this method the cost of transporting the rough offal of all kinds, including hide, tallow, horns, hoofs, hair, etc., is saved, as is also the cost of feeding the cattle *en route*, and the shrinkage in weight incident upon the long journey.

This new departure has already depressed the market from $3 to $4 per hundred-weight, and that it must prove successful is already shown by the steady and ever-increasing demand for Chicago dressed beef. The amount of business transacted by the new concern was curiously illustrated on the third day of its existence. At three o'clock in the afternoon its manager was discovered in a restaurant near the market eating a hasty lunch, the first for which he had found time that day. Between two mouthfuls he made the novel assertion that if he had had more beef, he would have had nothing to eat that day. He had disposed of 140 head of dressed cattle since morning, and said that the demand for his beef was so great that, provided he had the means to supply it, he should be obliged to work night and day to do so.

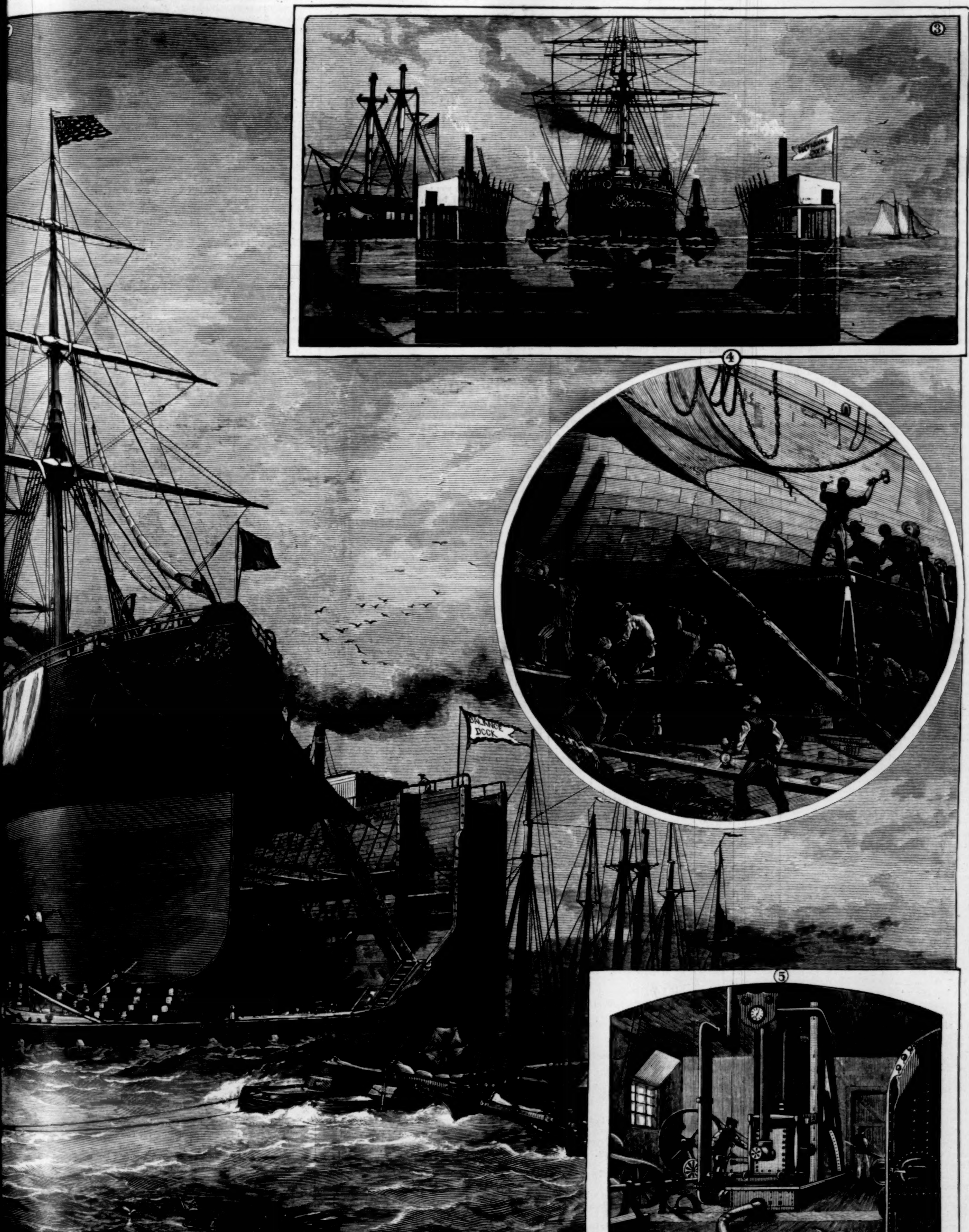


INTERIOR OF STORAGE REFRIGERATOR.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.



1. Running into an Iceberg. 2. Towing in the Injured Vessel. 3. Placing Ves[illegible]

THE SHIP'S HOSPITAL—THE FLOATING DRY-DOC[illegible]



the Dock. 4. Calking. 5. Engine-Room. 6. Pumping Apparatus. 7. In the Dock.

OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 667.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.]

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.

By F. W. Robinson,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST

CHRONICLES THE GOOD INTENTIONS OF JOHN WOODHATCH, AND THE VERY BAD INTENTIONS OF GREG DORWARD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW KITTY.

Gregory Dorward and John Woodhatch walked side by side along the platform, and into the general waiting-room of the Great Northern Railway, Greg asking no more questions, caring for no more answers, waiting now for results as the better and clearer way of arriving at the facts.

When they were in the waiting-room, John Woodhatch said, "Here she is," and Greg looked around eagerly, scanning quickly every face in the big room, and seeing no one like her.

"It's all a sell—ain't it?" he asked of his new master.

There were some ten or twelve persons in the room; a clergyman, three farmers, four commercial gentlemen burdened with portmanteaus, rugs, and all kinds of odd things strapped together; a husband, wife, and baby, the husband nursing the baby, and the wife asleep; a horsey man in tight leggings, and reading the *Sportsman;* two old ladies in spectacles, prim and angular, and in a state of suppressed excitement as regarded the next train, which was to take them from the roar and bustle of the wicked city into their own peaceful village, five miles from anything with life in it; and a tall girl neatly dressed in black, who was knitting something dexterously and swiftly, as if in a hurry to complete her task, or terribly alive to the value of time and the sin of wasting a minute of it.

"It's no sell, Greg," answered John Woodhatch; "look again."

Greg took a second survey of the tall girl, at the same moment as she looked up, turned pale, reddened very much, and then turned white again. Presently—it seemed a long while to Greg, but it was only one minute of time by the big clock in the waiting-room—she started and came toward them slowly, even timidly, and with the face not brightening, only betraying a painful interest in him, and staring at him as at a being whom it was also difficult to recognize.

Neither boy nor girl had taken into account what changes four years might have made in their lives, and in their outward and visible aspect; they were between twelve and thirteen years of age when the Law had stepped between them and set them apart—now Greg was a youth, for the present, smart and trim, and she, a few months older than Greg, was "quite a young woman," and taller than he by three inches at least. She had been growing—there was no mistake about that. Gosh! she had done nothing else but grow, if this was Kitty, thought the waif.

If it could really be Kitty—Kitty "togged out," and not Kitty's ghost, and with only a faint likeness of the old Kitty left. He had seen her last in Bolter's Rents—he and she, and the old man and her mother, and four lodgers, and one or two kids, had been all asleep together on the second floor back of No. 121, when the police had called for him and taken him away, and Kitty had screamed and scratched and fought like "a good 'un," whilst the others lay shivering with fright—and that was the last he had seen of her, raving and defiant and *drunk*—yes, drunk as a lord! He remembered it well, for he had supplied the drink—"drinks all round!"—having been in luck's way early that evening, outside a photographer's shop in the Strand, where his mother had taken him to see the pictures, and the backs of the gentlemen who were looking at them, and who had pockets behind to their coats, and things in their pockets worth collecting. And by the aid and guidance of his mother he had been particularly lucky that evening, until it had got very late, and the police suddenly and rudely had called at Bolter's Rents and seized him. He was a very "queer kid" then—smaller than his years warranted, and looking unlikely to last more than a year longer—hence a light sentence from the magistrate, and afterward the reformatory for four years as a wind-up, and a public outcry against the mother who had taught him theft as a "good business." Four years and some odd months ago, a long lifetime to Greg, shut away from the Rents, and this the end of it—or the beginning of something new, and strange, and awful. And this Kitty Vanch, grown out of all knowledge, and with shoes and stockings on, and a clean white face, and dressed "to rights," and with only two great hazel eyes to remind him of the ragged, street-stained wild-cat who had been fond of him. Didn't they call him in Bolter's Rents "Kitty's bloke"—and yes, of course, *he was*—and didn't it get into the papers? Why, Barnaby told him all about it when *he* came in, and what a row there was in print, and what a lark they made of it in Drury Lane way, where girls and blokes were plentiful! And Lord's truth, this was Kitty, then!

John Woodhatch stood a little aside to watch the strange meeting of the pair, to wonder what were the feelings of each, to note that both were scared, to see that each glanced timidly toward himself, who had played, or tried to play, the part of savior to them, and who doubted, in one case at least, what would be the end of it.

"Shall I leave you two?" he asked of the young woman.

"No, don't go away altogether, sir," was Kitty's quiet reply, and Greg Dorward did not even know the voice. It had been a sharp, strong yell at times in Bolter's Rents, and indeed always shrill and overstrained; now it was soft, and subdued, and trembling, and wholly new to her listener.

"Greg," she said, holding out her hands to him, "do you think you recollect me?"

"Yes, now I do. Almost!" he answered.

He shook both her hands timidly. Dashed if he wasn't afraid of her too. He must be "going off his nut," he thought.

"And you have altered very much; in the streets I should not have known you anywhere; shouldn't have guessed it was you. And you would have passed me fifty times, Greg, wouldn't you? Isn't that true?"

The girl spoke with an astonishing rapidity—wholly new to her manner in all Greg's experience of her—with a new accent and tone, and with all the slang of the Rents and the oaths of the Rents gone forever from her. Greg stared and nodded, but he could not speak a word further at present. It was all a blessed nightmare, he thought, that's what it just was!

"Four years ago—four years!" continued Kitty—"why, that's a tremendous time, Greg, and it's only a year since that I was any better—one pin better—than when you left me. But then he came—see, this man,"—and she suddenly stepped back and put both her hands upon those of John Woodhatch, which were crossed upon his stick—"and he took me away altogether from *them*. He saved me, somehow; that is, if I am ever to be saved—God knows, I don't! If I—"

"Hush, Kitty," said Mr. Woodhatch, gravely; "this is not the time to talk of that. You are saved from Bolter's Rents, at all events."

"Yes, yes; that's true."

"You would not go back there?"

"Rather into my coffin, at any time," was the firm, quick answer, as the lips closed firmly too, "so help me—"

"Yes, yes—you hear, Greg, what she says. You see," added Mr. Woodhatch, "how easy it is to hate the old bad life."

But Greg did not see anything clearly. With time before him, perhaps he would: they were all too quick upon him now. He should know better presently; he knew nothing yet. He glanced once more at the last speaker, but did not answer him. It was beyond his power to answer him.

"I will leave you to talk to him, Kitty, whilst I get the tickets," said Mr. Woodhatch—"to take care of him," he added, meaningly.

"He will not run away," replied Kitty, confidently; "he would be a big fool if he did, and Greg never was a fool, sir."

"I am glad to hear that. One can get on with anybody who is not positively a fool," said John Woodhatch, as he went away to get his tickets for Skegs Shore.

After he had gone, however, it was not quite so certain that Greg Dorward was to be trusted to remain till his return, though if Greg fled now, he should be never aware of what he was running from, and upon what good luck he might be turning his back. He looked to right and left of him with a scared, even hunted expression, but Kitty took no heed of this.

"Let us walk up and down the platform, Greg, till he comes back," she said; and then Greg and she went slowly out of the waiting-room. "He will not be long."

"I don't care if he never comes back. What the—"

"You will learn to trust him, Greg," she interrupted quickly, "even to love him for his care of you. Oh! you don't know him yet; he will change your whole life as he has changed mine; he will put you in good hands, see after you himself, alter it all, Greg. Don't you understand? can't you make it out?"

"No; and I don't want to. I—"

Again the girl ran on, not allowing him to finish, but rattling on in a quick, impetuous way, which was difficult to follow.

"I can't explain, I haven't time, and he will do it so much better; and you can trust him, Greg, always. Whatever he says he will do for you, he'll do it. He's rich, he's strong, he understands you and me: he was one of us: that's where it is: you'll see the truth of it. Why, haven't I? All in a year, too! Oh, my God! Greg, the blot I was before this year; you know! you guess! I mightn't have been as bad as some of 'em, but I was awful bad. But there; it has all gone, every bit of it; I'm sure of it, quite sure. Don't you understand now?"

"No, I'm damned if I do," muttered Greg, unmoved by all his companion's excited rush of words.

Kitty Vanch wrung her hands together, doubling her knitted work into a ball.

"I thought you wouldn't," she cried; "I told him it was no use my coming, but he said it was."

"You didn't want to come, then?"

"No."

"You didn't care to see a cove?" asked Greg, almost reproachfully.

She hesitated.

"No; not yet, I didn't. I wanted to wait."

"What for?"

"To see what he could make of you—what we should both be like in a year more. But he said—"

"Well, what did he say?" asked Greg, impatiently, as she paused.

"That he thought a word from me might put you straight a bit until you knew him better; that you might see how I had altered, how I was getting further and further away from Daddy and your mother and all of 'em," she cried, "getting clear away from the Rents, away from it all, Greg, every scrap of it."

"Away from me?" muttered Greg.

"Yes, you with all the rest, until you've altered with me; although I wish you luck, Greg, and should have been glad one day to see the luck for myself—one fine day when you and I are man and woman, perhaps," she went on. "But I don't know—I can't say; I've not settled down yet. See how wild I am to-day."

"Kitty, let's cut and run from it. It's all no use. Let's hook it now!" cried Greg, full of excitement at last, and at the prospect of going his own way.

Kitty stared at him, and then answered, sturdily, "No, Greg, not *me*."

"What's the good of goin' on like this?"

"See what it's like, and then run away, not before. And anyhow I sha'n't run with you," said Kitty.

"Oh, you're a good 'un now," cried Greg, ironically.

"No, only trying to be good, only trying to keep my word to him."

"Cus him!" growled Greg.

"God bless him!" came Kitty Vanch's response, and in defiance of Greg's malediction on the would-be benefactor.

Before her companion could say another word John Woodhatch was standing by their sides.

"I did not expect you would leave the waiting-room," he said. "I began to wonder whether you had both run away."

"He asked me, but I wouldn't go," said Kitty at once.

"Good girl. No; I think you would have served me better than that, Kitty," he replied.

"And so will Greg when he gets older, when he is with you altogether."

"Ah! I don't despair," was the answer. "Come, Greg, the boxes are in the train. Bid Kitty good-by."

"Where's she going, then?"

"Not with us. A long, long way from us," answered John Woodhatch.

"Where?"

"You will know in time. You will see me again," answered Kitty.

"I don't want ever to see you—no more," muttered Greg.

"That may be as well," murmured Kitty.

Then she put her knitted work into his hand, said "good-by," and stood a few paces back, looking thoughtfully at him, even wonderingly, as at a new problem of life which God's hand had not worked out for her yet.

"What's this here?" asked Greg, curiously.

"A little purse I have been knitting for you. Won't you keep it, Greg, for my sake?"

"What's the good of—"

"He will keep it, Kitty," answered John Woodhatch; "it will be handy to hold the money he is going to earn along with me."

"Money!" muttered the lad.

It was the first sensible word that had been spoken. Greg understood what money meant, and what it could do even for him.

John Woodhatch and Greg Dorward entered the third-class compartment of the train, where were other travellers bound northward, Kitty standing at the back of the platform, amongst the advertisement boards, a pale and patient watcher. Greg glanced once toward her, only once, as the whistle of the engine sounded, and the train began to glide slowly away from her, and from the London streets, where he had lived all his life till shut away in the reformatory with other black sheep like unto him. Kitty did not smile farewell at him, only looked gravely, wistfully, at him and the departing train. It was a face he bore in mind, that for a while seemed to haunt him at Skegs Shore, that was not like the face he had known at Bolter's Rents, or any face he had ever looked at yet.

This was the end of the first act of Greg Dorward's life. What was to follow it he could not guess. He only felt that he was trapped like a rat, and that at present John Woodhatch had mastered him, "collared him," and hustled him away. Skegs Shore was another prison he was being carried to, nothing better, or brighter, or happier than that, and Bolter's Rents was very hard to part with!

CHAPTER VIII.

"THE END OF IT."

There was not much conversation exchanged between John Woodhatch and his protégé during the long journey to Skegs Shore. Both were full of thoughts of their own, and disinclined to talk; or else Greg was disinclined, and the man in charge of him was wise enough to see that he was better left to himself. There would be time enough to talk by-and-by.

Greg fell asleep at last: he had passed a restless night yesterday wondering what would be the end of it, speculating on a very different sequel—or a very different beginning again—and there was still so much to wonder at that his head ached, and he went off finally into a deep slumber, with his mouth open, and his head all on one side, till it lunged forward against John Woodhatch's broad chest, where it reposed at last, as though he loved John Woodhatch, and was only happy near him.

The remaining occupants of the carriage looked from Greg's pinched face to the stern, bronzed face of his protector.

"He seems tired out," said a motherly old lady with a basket.

"Yes, he's tired."

"Been ill, perhaps?"

"No."

"He looks sadly, to be sure."

"Yes, he is not strong," asserted Mr. Woodhatch.

"The country air will bring him round a bit, I dare say."

"I dare say it will;" and then, to cut short further questionings, John Woodhatch closed his eyes and pretended to sleep also, which would have been a difficult task, with Greg's hard, hot head driving all the buttons of the waistcoat into his chest. Still he made no effort to move Greg from the affectionate position the lad had assumed. He was very careful of him, and afraid of waking him by so much as a movement. Greg wanted rest; it was the ordeal of the journey, with the uncertainty of what was at the journey's end, which was disturbing Greg. Let him sleep some of that away, thought Mr. Woodhatch.

It was a long journey down to Lincolnshire, but Greg slumbered through the greater part of the distance. Even when the train stopped at Peterborough, and again at Spalding, he only opened his eyes dreamingly as passengers stumbled over his feet, and then dozed off again. At Boston it became necessary to alight, and to await the coming of another train, which would presently lead them away on a branch line to a station within a couple of miles of home. The train was not in any way arranged to meet the one which had thus far rattled them into the heart of Lincolnshire, Skegs Shore being in an out-of-the-way corner of the county, with nobody living there of any consequence to run trains for. Many trains passed Skegs Shore, steaming away to Great Grimsby and elsewhere, but there were only two all day to stop at the station and land passengers, and one of them stopped by signal only, the chances being about ten to one against anybody wanting to get out.

Therefore it happened that John Woodhatch had time upon his hands as well as Greg Dorward—time for refreshment in the town, and a glance at the shops and at the people tramping by in a big market-place, which was on the eve of shutting up for good, now that the day's business was at an end.

In the market people seemed to know John Woodhatch very well, and many of them touched their hats to him, while others came and shook him by the hand, and talked in a broad dialect that was entirely incomprehensible to Greg, who made one or two efforts to understand it before giving it up in despair. There was some talk about market prices, and corn, and horses, and bullocks, but they all talked rapidly and thickly, and Greg grew bewildered, wished he was in the train again, going on and on to the end of it. If he could only get to the "end of it," and know the worst or best of it, he thought, that was all he wanted now.

But he was not approaching the end of it till nearly night-fall. It was the dusk of twilight when they stepped into a creaking, lumbering old train—struck off years ago from main-line traffic on account of its disreputable appearance—bound for Skegs Shore; it was the darkness of night when they were nearing their journey's end, with the flakes of fire from the engine driving past the windows like a red-hot rain.

He must have slept again, for he suddenly found John Woodhatch standing up in the carriage putting on a thick great-coat, though it was August weather, and one or two other passengers looking for their small bundles and boxes which they had brought into the carriage with them. Before Greg had done rubbing the sleep out of his eyes the train had slackened speed and stopped, and voices husky with the night air were crying out, "Skegs Shore."

"Now, youngster, here's the last stage," said Woodhatch; and then he and Greg stepped from the carriage on to the platform of a little station lighted by oil lamps, which were struggling to keep alight in the teeth of a sharp wind, which had got at the flame behind the glass, and was puffing at it mercilessly. It was very dark beyond the station—a dense thick blackness which hid even the white winding high-road beyond, and was relieved only by a fleck of light here and there from the windows of half a dozen cottages heaped together a hundred yards away. The few passengers who had got out with John Woodhatch and Greg melted away into the darkness; the boxes of the travellers were pitched on to the gravel, the engine shrieked farewell at them, and started off on its journey further north, and a gray-whiskered man, who was station-master, booking-clerk, and signal-man rolled into one, was left to represent authority, and to hope, very civilly, that "Mister Woodhatch" was all the better for his journey up to town.

"Yes, I think I am, Mr. Halden," was the reply. "Have you seen Fladge with the trap?"

"Oh yes, Fladge is outside, trust *him*. And Spikins has brought a cart to carry the boxes, and all the presents from London, eh, Mr. Woodhatch—he, he, Mr. Woodhatch!" piped the station-master. "You'll find them both in the road, yonder."

"That's well," said Woodhatch. "Come, Greg."

Greg—almost too tired to wonder now at anything—slouched after his custodian, and in the darkness outside the little rustic railway station he found a chaise and a light cart waiting, each in charge of a shadowy figure, who set up something between a laugh, a shout, and "a good day to ye," which rose the echoes of Skegs Shore, and was significant of satisfaction at the return of the master into Lincolnshire.

"Well, Spikins; well, Fladge; all right at head-quarters?"

Spikins, an old man, with a head unpleasantly bent forward as though preparing for the headsman's axe, said, "Ay, ay, sir, surely!" and Fladge, a very tall, lanky youth of twenty, clapped both hands together, laughed heartily, and said, "Ay, ay, sir!" an octave or so higher.

Greg could not see anything to laugh at, and clambered into the trap, at Mr. Woodhatch's invitation, slipping once off the iron step, and coming into the dust of the road again, at which little bit of clumsiness Fladge, who viewed it as he looked at everything in a comic light, roared with laughter again, to the inward disgust of Gregory, who had shaken himself up and bitten his tongue.

John Woodhatch sprang to his side, seized the reins, whipped the horse, and drove off at a rattling pace, with Fladge sitting behind, or hanging on in extraordinary postures, as he answered the master's questions, and tried hard to get a clear view of Master Dorward, in whom he was intensely interested as a new-comer at the farm.

It was a very narrow road along which John

Woodhatch drove at a great pace, as though anxious to reach his journey's end, and probably only an accurate knowledge of the way hindered his landing himself and party in the wide deep ditch on one side—a small canal that had been cut deep into the soil when the great Fen land was drained some years ago. In the daytime this portion of Lincolnshire county was flat and cheerless enough, with its long sweep of swamp land, arable land, and broad tracts of semi-bareness stretching far away to the sea, and ending in bristly banks of coarse grass and sand-drift; now it was a broad, black desert, over which the wind was tearing and moaning like a fretful child—like a whole legion of fretful children; and beyond that and above that, in the solemnity of natural forces which were abroad that night, there fell upon Greg's ears a deep, heavy, booming sound, as of distant and regular cannon practice.

"What's that?" asked Greg, aroused at last into interest again.

"That's the sea," answered Woodhatch. "It breaks roughish on the shore to-night, Reuben."

"Ay, it do—it just do;" and Fladge laughed so much at this new point of humor to his jocose mind that Greg thought he would fall off his perch behind into the roadway.

"There must be rough weather a mile or two out."

"I should think there must be, master—ha! ha!" shrieked Fladge.

Greg looked in his old furtive way at Mr. Woodhatch to see if he were laughing also at some hidden jest or double meaning not perceptible to himself, and John Woodhatch caught his glance at once, like a man still watchful of him.

"He's always like that—nearly always," muttered John Woodhatch; "but you'll soon like him, Greg."

"Oh! shall I?" said Greg, in doubtful answer.

"Honest, faithful, true as steel, but—wrong here a little bit," said Mr. Woodhatch, touching his forehead with the handle of his whip; "and we're all wrong a little bit, wise folk say—which accounts for a great deal. Which accounts for everything, nice and easily," he said, talking to himself rather than to Greg, although he added, suddenly and loudly, "which accounts for you and me, Greg."

"Yes," said Greg, for the want of a better response, "I s'pose so. But—"

"Well?" said John Woodhatch, as he paused.

"Yours isn't a mad-'ouse, is it?" he asked. "I ain't mad, am I? and they sent me along o' you becos—"

John Woodhatch laughed at this new suspicion, and laughed heartily, and not at all like Mr. Fladge in the rear, who had heard Greg's startled inquiry, and joined in the hilarity also, but with a peacock's shrillness, which was a trifle blood-curdling.

"No—it's all right at the farm."

"Shall we be much longer a-getting there?" asked Greg, wearily.

"A quarter of an hour or so. I can see the lights across the flat."

Greg strained his eyes to pierce the darkness, but saw nothing. Having faith in his own young and strong sight, he did not believe that Mr. Woodhatch saw anything either, but was polite enough to refrain from saying, "Ye're a liar," although that was his full conviction after a moment's consideration of the subject.

"I was used to long stretches of land before I settled down in Lincolnshire; when I was abroad it was little that could escape me, night or day."

Greg did not respond. John Woodhatch had a "blessed good opinion of hisself," he thought, but that was like all on 'em, old Fretwell, old Marks, his old Daddy—Daddy Devil, who had made him over to this man, and carted him away from Drury Lane sheer against his will. He believed all this was clear against the laws of his country, too, and as he grew older he'd find out. He was pretty sure it was kidnapping, for all John Woodhatch's "big jaw" at him, and he would have the rights of 'em one of these fine days.

Poor Greg was going to a better life under protest, and he had begun it, smarting with a sense of wrong. They had taken him away from the Rents, they had taken him away from Kitty, and the Lord knew what they had turned Kitty into, he didn't, and he did not believe he ever should. He was amazed, and, moreover, he was afraid; but he was quite sure he should get the better of them presently, when he was used to it all, when he understood them and what was going on about them and him. Here his thoughts were interrupted by John Woodhatch.

"There will be no questions asked you at Farm Forlorn—that's the name my crib has been called for ages, Greg—you will be received as a friend, treated as a friend, trusted like a friend."

"Shall I?"

"And you will act like a friend," added John Woodhatch, impressively: "do you understand?"

"Ye-es, I think I does," muttered Master Greg.

"That's well. 'No questions asked, and no questions to ask,' is the motto of the farm, which means, 'Mind your own business.' Doesn't it, Greg?" asked the farmer, cheerfully.

"Yes, but *they'll know*," replied Greg.

"They'll know what?"

"Everything about me—where I've come from. Won't they?"

"No."

"They won't think I've come from boardin'-school, I s'pose," said Greg, with a little laugh at his own satire.

"They will not care where you came from; they will only say, 'Welcome; be one of us; rescued, like us, from the drift.' Do you see?" asked his companion, eagerly; "do you guess now? They told me at the reformatory you were anything but dull."

Greg considered. The lights in John Woodhatch's home were still invisible to him, but the light upon his future life seemed twinkling faintly at him now from the murkiness ahead.

"There are other coves, then, who—"

"Who have been like unto you, poor lad, and who will cast no stone. They have been all like you."

"All!" cried Greg, in his astonishment.

"Yes; and all working well for me; doing their best, and turning their backs upon damnation as a bad-paying game. Isn't that true, Fladge?"

"Ho, ho! rather!"

"Is *he*, then?" asked Greg, in a whisper, and with a backward jerk of his head.

"Yes."

"And that old man with the cart comin' along with the luggage?"

John Woodhatch nodded again.

"And those we're a-comin' to, where the lights are? I see 'em now."

"Yes."

"It's another reformatory, then," said Greg, with a visible shudder. "I see the game now. Let a feller get out, and drown hisself in that water. I can't stand any more on it," cried Greg, very desperately, "and I won't stand any more on it."

Mr. Fladge, behind, laughed at this too; but John Woodhatch, ever watchful and considerate, as it seemed, said,

"It's not a reformatory, Greg; and, hating it or not, you can leave it when you like."

"I—I can!" exclaimed Greg, in his intense astonishment.

"Yes, when you like. Why should I try to stop you?"

"Why—yes—o' course not," answered Greg.

"The doors are open, there are no locks to them, and Crapper is not at the side gate forever on the watch," he continued. "I shall not lift a hand to stay you, Greg; rather open the door for you, very wide, and say: 'Go your way; you have had your trial, and are found wanting. There is the road to London and ruin; or, if you prefer it, there is the sea to drown yourself in: and that I strongly recommend as a choice.' Do you understand John Woodhatch now, lad?"

"No," answered Greg, stoutly and frankly.

"We will leave it till—to-morrow."

"And if—"

"And if?" repeated Mr. Woodhatch.

"And if I want to go back to London, will yer find the coin to send me back?" asked Greg, as a new idea suggested itself to him that he would not unpack, but take the first train home again in the morning.

Yes, Greg was not dull, thought John Woodhatch, who looked down into the dark gleaming eyes upraised to him.

"Could not you walk?" asked John.

"I'd rayther tramp it than—"

"Than stop," concluded John Woodhatch. "Well, Greg, you need not trouble your mind about that. You can have the money to go back to Daddy Devil when you are tired of me."

"Thankee, sir," answered Greg, with more real gratitude than he had exhibited yet in return for all the trouble which John Woodhatch had taken.

Greg's mind was more at ease—even his hard little heart was easy. John Woodhatch was a more incomprehensible animal than ever—he did not make him out in the least—but it did not matter, so that he was sure he was not a prisoner, and could go away when he liked, to-morrow if he liked, the big man with the red face finding the coin to get back, too, which was acting "like a brick." And precious soon he would be back, too, thought Greg: catch him a-living at this dead and alive mad-house for anything or anybody!

There was no further conversation before Farm Forlorn was reached.

The subject was closed, explanations had been asked for and given, everything was satisfactory, and Greg Dorward was approaching the new life. The hedges seemed to grow higher on the road; there were rustling trees rising from them and casting a deeper shadow; one or two large dogs had sprung out suddenly, and were barking vociferously at horse and trap and the legs of Reuben Fladge dangling from the back seat; there was a row of small houses to pass, sunken in the ground, or gracefully sinking through it, like a bit of stage scenery descending through a trap slide, the roofs being level with the roadway, and the chimney-tops handy to the touch of the passers-by—houses that were cowering out of the way of the wind—and then there was the big old farm-house before them, with its latticed windows full of cheerful light, with light streaming from the open door, with the ruddy gleam of a coal fire from the big bay-window on the ground-floor, and with the dim figures of many people hovering in the roadway, and in the garden ground before the house, and under the big porch over which a very forest of ivy was trailing—people who had turned out to welcome back John Woodhatch, and who were his retainers, friends, and family—his family!—as though these were the good old times again, and John Woodhatch was a knight or baron coming back from the Crusades. As he had, too, bringing one with him as a captive, willing or unwilling, in the shape of Gregory Dorward.

Greg looked down from his seat, holding in his hands the reins which Mr. Woodhatch had thrust upon him instinctively before leaping down. Greg surveyed the scene with a new interest now this was the end of it, and did not follow the farmer in his descent, being a little uncertain if he were not in charge of the sturdy roadster which had carried them homeward thus swiftly.

In the night shadows he could not see distinctly, for all the twinkling lights from the latticed casements. Amongst the crowd there were two or three whom Greg's quick gaze singled out from the rest, denizens of the new strange world to be wondered at a little even then. A man as tall as Woodhatch, gaunt and thin, who took the master by both hands and shook them heartily, and said, "God bless thee, John; I'm right glad thou'rt back." And a girl in white, with a straw hat shading a face he could not see, and who was the next to greet the master, in a rich, low, musical voice of welcome, holding out both hands also, and to which John turned from his friends with eagerness and a something like a happy cry at sight of her. And then a third greeting, before Greg was remembered to be sitting on his perch, holding the horse's reins, and this from a slight woman in black, with a shawl drawn closely over her head, and whose voice was deep and resonant and harsh, after the youthful tones which had preceded it.

"You are welcome back, sir," she answered, almost reverently, stooping over the hand he had extended to her.

"Well, Mrs. Chadderton, home again it is," he answered, cheerily.

"And the boy," she answered, eagerly; "have you got him?"

"Hush!" he said, quickly. "Yes, I have got him safe enough."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SHIP'S HOSPITAL.

EVERY now and then some well-known steamship is reported to have suffered from collision, or from the loss of her propeller, and is said to have gone into dry-dock for repairs. A few days later the same vessel is reported to have come out of dry-dock, and as ready to resume her regular trips. People read these reports, and know, in a general way, that by some means the vessel has been taken from the water, or the water has been taken from around her, so that every portion of her hull can be examined, and repaired if need be. They know, however, so little of the process by which the great ship, weighing thousands of tons, is lifted from the water that the double page of illustrations by means of which our artist conveys a clear idea of the workings of a dry-dock will prove an interesting lesson.

The word "dock" is so often and erroneously used when "pier" is meant that many persons confound the two, and make ludicrous mistakes in consequence. Not long since, during a conversation on dry-docks, a gentleman—an inland gentleman—remarked, "Well, I don't see how they ever lift such great fellows as that," pointing to a large ocean steam-ship, "up on the dock when they want to repair her." His idea was that by a system of derricks the ship was lifted bodily from the water, and swung in on the pier, as a ship's boat is lifted by her davits.

For illustration our artist has chosen the great sectional dry-docks of New York, of which three occupy the space on the East River between piers 42 and 43, or between Pike and Rutgers slips, and a fourth lies at the foot of Clinton Street, between piers 48 and 49. As these docks only vary in size, a description of the largest will answer for all. This dock is 365 feet long, and is composed of ten huge boxes or water-tight rafts of heavy timber, 33 feet long, 106 feet wide, and 12 feet deep. These rafts are joined one to another in a continuous line, extending from the shore out into the river, as though they were a section of a pontoon bridge to Brooklyn. In each of these rafts, or "tanks," are two water-gates eight inches in diameter, through which water may be let into them until they sink. Each is also furnished with six powerful steam-pumps, by which the water may be drawn from them until they float again. On either side of each tank is another water-tight box 40 feet long by 25 feet wide, and 8 feet deep. These boxes are known as "side floats," and have no gates through which water can be admitted into them. They are used to balance the tanks, and to assist in floating them, which they do very materially. When it is desired to raise the tanks, and while they are being pumped out, the side floats, full of air, are forced by steam-power down into the water, and their buoyancy is sufficient to raise the tanks full of water to the surface when no extra weight is upon them. Above the side floats the sides of the dock are frames of heavy timber, supporting platforms, on which stand little houses, two for each section or "tank." In these is the machinery, the steam-engines, etc., that supply the working power. On the largest dock are two 75-horse-power engines, one for each side. These drive the sixty pumps, and raise or lower the twenty side floats. In these houses are also the levers by which the flood-gates in the tanks are opened or closed.

On top of the tanks, or along the floor of the dock, is a line of heavy wooden blocks running its entire length, and exactly in the centre. These are "keel blocks," and are those on which the keel of a vessel rests when she is taken from the water. A line of higher blocks on either side of the line of keel blocks are known as "bilge blocks." They are fixed on iron rails, along which they can be pulled back if the vessel is wide, or pushed closer together if she is narrow. They support the vessel at the bilge of her sides, or the point where the sides turn under to form the bottom, and are moved back or forth, until fitted to the contour of the vessel, before she leaves the water, by men stationed along the sides of the dock, who control them by long ropes. The keel and bilge blocks support the vessel entirely, but in addition to them are a series of timbers projecting from half-way up the sides of the dock, known as "side shores." Each of these is formed of two pieces, one of which slides along the other, which is marked in feet and inches. They reach out to the sides of the vessel after she is in the dock, but while she is yet afloat, and push her a little, first this way and then that, until her keel is directly over the line of keel blocks on top of the tanks. Then they hold her in this position until she has been raised and is firmly settled on the keel and bilge blocks.

Let us suppose that one of the great transatlantic steam-ships has been in collision with an iceberg or another vessel, or has broken a blade of her screw, or lost it altogether, or suffered from any one of the numerous accidents which are of such frequent occurrence, and has at length reached the port of New York. Assisted by tugs that meet her in the Lower Bay, she reaches her own dock, discharges her passengers and cargo, and is then towed to that infirmary for disabled ships, the dry-dock. The superintendent of the dry-dock has learned her draught of water, and has sunk his tanks accordingly, so that she is floated in over them. Then the tugs leave her, she is moored head and stern, and the side shores stretch out their long arms and place her in position, with her keel directly over the centre of the tanks. When all is ready the signal is given to the engineers. The gates in the bottom of the tanks are closed, the great pumps begin to work, the side floats are forced down into the water inch by inch, and the tanks beneath the ship begin to rise. When the line of keel blocks touch her keel the men in charge of the bilge-block lines begin to move the bilge blocks up until they also press closely against the vessel. Then up she comes, slowly but surely, two inches a minute, until at length she is lifted bodily, high in air, and men can walk and work directly beneath her keel if necessary. In this position a leak that has long baffled every attempt of her crew to find it can be instantly detected by the water running from it; if she is a wooden vessel, the state of her copper sheathing is noted and the extent of ravages by worms. Now can be seen and estimated the full extent of damage by the collision. If she is an iron ship, the thick plates will be seen to be bent, twisted, and torn as though they were so much card-board; the cause of the impeded action of the screw will be understood, and the inspectors can judge whether it is so damaged that she must obtain a new one here, or can manage to make her way with the old one back to the other side, where repairs are cheaper. The wounded ship is in the hands of consulting surgeons in the form of expert builders, and they turn her over to the operators, who, with drills, and rivets, and sledge-hammers, and paint-brushes soon restore her to her former beauty and usefulness, and pronounce her healed. Then the gates in the tanks are opened, and as the water rushes in they gradually sink; the side floats are raised, and at length, slowly, almost imperceptibly, without a jar or a tremor, the great ship is again afloat and ready for another voyage.

The great advantage of sectional docks is the fact that they are built in sections, and can thus conform themselves to any irregularity of a ship's keel or bottom. Then, too, any one section at a time may be lowered away from the ship if it is necessary to remove or replace any portion of her keel, while she will still be upheld by the remaining sections.

Adjacent to the sectional docks are balance docks, which are similar to the others except that their bottom is one huge tank without joints, and they have no side floats to aid in floating; and screw docks, of which the principle is platforms suspended by chains, which are raised, with vessels on them, by hydraulic pumps. By the addition of more sections the sectional docks can be made to accommodate ships of any length and tonnage, but their limit in their present condition is a ship of 7000 tons burden.

English dry-docks are vast receptacles excavated from the bank of the river or bay on which they are located, and lined with huge blocks of granite, ranged on the sides in the form of steps. They have great flood-gates at the outer end, through which water is admitted until they are full. Then the disabled ship is floated in, the gates closed, and the water pumped out until the ship rests low and dry on the bottom. They are infinitely more expensive of construction than our wooden floating docks, and have not the advantage of sectional conformity to irregularities of outline possessed by the latter. Two dry-docks built on the plan of the English may be seen at the Erie Basin in Brooklyn, and it was in one of these that the *Amérique* was repaired in 1878, after her long struggle with New Jersey sands off Seabright. In the Brooklyn Navy-yard is another, into which may be floated our largest ships of war. We had no dry-dock, however, large enough to accommodate the *Great Eastern*, and when it was found necessary to dry-dock her here, she was towed up to Flushing Bay, and a coffer-dam built around her. From this the water was pumped, and she lay in a dry-dock of her own.

The sectional docks are, however, large enough to accommodate the ordinary vessels that enter New York Harbor, and have often held such steamers as the *City of Chester*, *Labrador*, *Republic*, *City of Pekin*, *Rhode Island*, *Bristol*, and hundreds of others well known in these waters.

The cost of going into dry-dock in New York is, for screw steamers, twenty cents per ton for lifting and holding for twenty-four hours, and fifteen cents per ton for each succeeding day that the vessel remains in the dock; for side-wheel steamers the cost of lifting is twenty-five cents per ton, and fifteen cents per ton for each day's stay; for sailing vessels it is fifteen cents per ton for lifting, and fifteen cents per ton per day for remaining. The dry-dock bill for a large steamer frequently amounts to fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, and very often a ship is only compelled to remain for an hour or so out of the water.

A curious fact in regard to these wooden floating docks in the East River is that whereas a few years ago they suffered greatly from the ravages of worms, this trouble has entirely disappeared with the increasing foulness of the water. The increase of sewers, while driving away the worms, brings with it another difficulty in the shape of increased deposits of insoluble matter, which fills the river so rapidly that the dry-dock men find it necessary to have their slips dredged out every three years, in order to maintain a sufficient depth of water beneath their tanks.

TO ARMS! TO ARMS! MY LONG LOST BEAUTY! DEMOCRATS TO UNITE IN MASS.

INUNDATED VERONA.

THE picturesque city of Verona, in the north of Italy, has just met with a terrible calamity in the shape of a flood such as it had not known before for a hundred and twenty-five years. The most casual traveller knows the place. It is on the way to Venice. And if that were not enough, it is something of what we should call here a "railroad centre," being the point of junction of the railway over the Brenner Pass from Germany with the main line across Upper Italy. More appreciative or more leisurely travellers have dallied there with affection, yielding to distinct charms of its own. With the exception of the tradition of the immortal lovers Romeo and Juliet, these are of a less brilliant sort than may be found at some of the great show places. They occupy less space, too, in the guide-book; but for this very reason they have a trace of the charm of original discovery. Verona is one of a few cities where, beside a trim and comfortable modern life, such as becomes a place of more than 60,000 people, the aspect of the Middle Ages still remains.

One hardly recollects it at first as liable to this particular kind of visitation. Had it been Mantua, now, down amid the marshes of the Mincio, the home of the lean apothecary, whose poverty, but not his will, consented to sell the impetuous Romeo poison, the case would have seemed natural enough. The impression remaining from Verona is that of plenty of height, boldness, and air. To reach some of its private residences of the most charming sort such steep little paved lanes as the shade-embowered Via San Leonardo must be traversed, in which the climber may well pause more than once to take breath. The battlemented walls of the SCALIGERS, with brick towers spaced along them from point to point, follow very prominent contours of ground. The circuit of forts established by the Austrians, round, white, and not unlike Castle Garden in shape, echo one another from hills of much greater elevation yet. The sweeping views from their outer slopes, covered with olive orchards, over the fertile lands, to the Alps, always blue or shining white on the horizon, are lovely in the extreme. What with the walls of THEODORIC and the SCALIGERS, united to the amphitheatre of the Romans, the Lombardic-Gothic tombs, the Renaissance palaces of SANMICHELI, and the forts of NAPOLEON and of the modern Austrians, the "properties" of Verona, from the point of view of romance, are simply ideal; but these are surpassed by its lovely scenery.

Whoever has marked the "eager" Adige, however, has seen, as it were, an eager, lithe wild beast, from which, though peaceable for the moment, dangerous things might at any time be dreaded. This river, boiling on its way, and turbid with detritus from its source in the glaciers, and red soil from its banks, runs like a mill-race all the year round. Boats never go up it, but some few of a rude sort, carrying fagots of wood, are loosed upon it in the villages above, and come tearing down to the city like mad. In early times, it is true, before the advent of the railroad, there was a traffic by boats which were hauled up stream by horses. The writer has seen some old mulberry-trees still standing along the shore deeply grooved with the sawing of the tow-ropes. The river has regular inspectors, from the Tyrol downward, each with his appointed beat, to look after its symptoms, and notify whom it may concern. It seems hardly probable that they can do anything to abate them. A deep narrow gorge at Rivoli in ordinary times, which leaves room only

INUNDATED VERONA—THE BRIDGE OF CASTEL-VECCHIO, ACROSS THE ADIGE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM A SKETCH BY W. H. BISHOP.

for the Adige, the railroad, and the highway to pass through abreast, backs up the waters in time of freshet. Here they mass, and gather their greatest momentum to rush upon the city. I had the fortune to see the flood of 1878, then the greatest since that of 1757, but mere child's-play to the present. The day of my last glimpse of Verona the water was at the very key-stones of the ancient arched bridges, which had need of all their feudal massiveness to resist such a terrific pressure. The Adige takes a sinuous course through the town, like that of the Seine through Paris. In its current at that time was a picturesque settlement of water-mills stayed by chains to fill the eye of an etcher with ecstasy. Along the banks turned also a series of quaint large water-wheels, conveying their power ashore by a simple device. The river had its full share of the mediævalism of the place. It was bordered by a medley of edifices, rich if somewhat grimy in color, showing all the details of the Lombardic-Gothic. The episcopal palace, where the great San Carlo Borromeo, of the *Promessi Sposi*, passed some time, looked down upon its flood. The terraced fortress hill of San Pietro, once the residence of that terrific legendary fighter of the "Nibelungen Lied," Dietrich of Bern, looks down upon it. A little island in the stream was full of now squalid palaces. The marble of the door and window heads was of a character which took a polish like ivory. They had vestiges of ruined fresco on their outer walls. There were stray heads, struggling legs, hands flashing swords aloft, while the enemies at whom they had struck, and all the combats, had disappeared.

It is difficult to tell how much of all this will now be found intact. Our eager Adige rose in the last days of September, and was not appeased till it had torn to pieces or undermined everything ephemeral in its vicinity, destroyed forty lives, and millions of value. In "Little Verona"—Veronetta—from the other side the dead bodies could plainly be seen lying on the floors of their wrecked houses. The Piazza Dante, in the palace of which the poet was entertained by Can Grande, that Augustus of the Middle Ages, became a muddy lake. So did the Piazza Erbe, where at this time of the year the dealers should be blowing their little charcoal furnaces, and shouting their "Marroni caldi!" their "Chestnuts! very hot chestnuts!" in a merry pandemonium. There was the news to reflect upon, besides, that the fertile valley above was an immense swamp, and all the crops destroyed. In the Val Policella now there are no grapes, not even vines. The gas was put out; the city was in the hands of the military. The blackness of desolation had settled upon it.

Of all the mediævalism looking down upon the yellow river, and of all the monuments of the place, none was more striking than the old fortified bridge of Castel-Vecchio, flanked at one end by the old castle of the same name. It is remarkable as one of the few military works of its class remaining in the world. It is of red brick, with the swallow-tail battlements of the age of Can Grande, who built it in 1555. It has one great arch of nearly a hundred and fifty feet span. The rest are much smaller, which gives the roadway a curious broken-backed appearance. Upon its causeway one found odd little grass-plots, with flowers, and modern Italian soldiers sitting in sentry-boxes, managed in the thickness of the walls, which were meant originally for crossbowmen in armor.

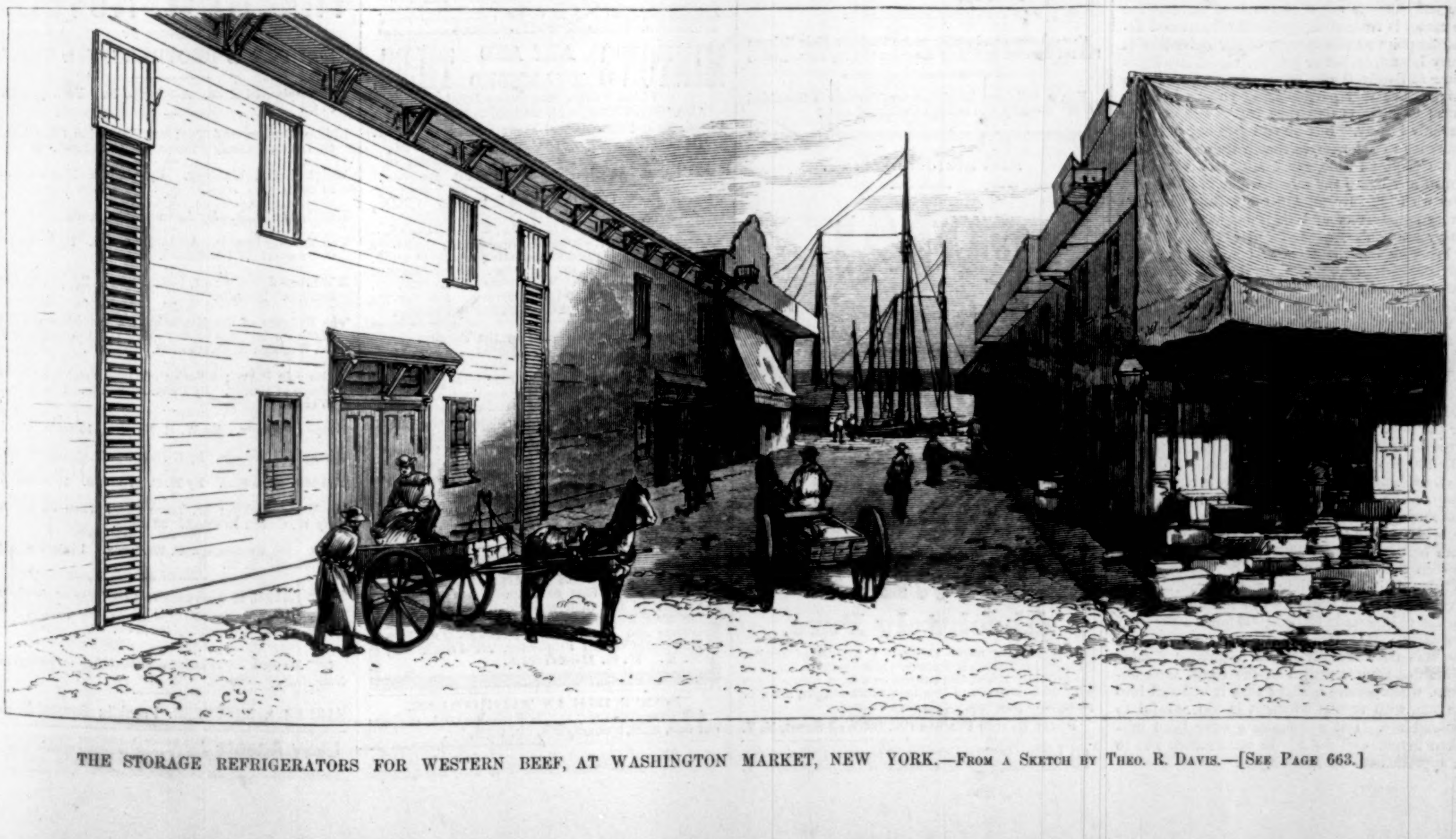
It is as gratifying as it is remarkable to know that this work still survives, and will gladden the vision of the tourist in search of the picturesque in the future as it has in the past. Four of the more modern bridges have been swept away, including the very new Ponte Aleardi, supposed to be a triumph of the latest engineering skill; while this, the oldest of all, and the first by its position to oppose the violence of the stream, remains. There could hardly be a better testimony to the solid workmanship, and perhaps also to the genuine scientific skill, of the mediæval period. Some of our deft modern constructors may yet be able to study the old Castel-Vecchio with advantage.

William Henry Bishop.

OUR MYSTERIOUS VISITOR, AS SEEN OCTOBER 2.—Drawn by Gaston Fay.

OUR MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

The uncomfortable feature of the present comet, so far as the general public is concerned, is that it makes its appearance upon the celestial stage at an hour when all ordinary and orderly human beings are deeply slumbering. Now a comet whose splendors are to be enjoyed only by the professionals, so to speak, or by those who are given to unseasonable hours, can not be regarded as coming up to the popular stand-



THE STORAGE REFRIGERATORS FOR WESTERN BEEF, AT WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 663.]

ard in point of spectacular merit. The present comet, which for the purposes of this article we may as well call *the* comet, is an entirely unknown, unowned, unnamed wanderer. No astronomer, distinguished or otherwise, has lent or borrowed any lustre in connection with it. It fully realizes the half-poetic, half-cynical description of BABINET—"a visible nothing." Still it is said by Professor PARKHURST, of Brooklyn, who is an expert in the matter of comets, to be the "largest and most beautiful" that he has observed in the last twenty years, which, it will be perceived, takes us back pretty well to DONATI's comet. With a Topsy-like carelessness as to origin, this brilliant and fascinating creation seems not to have been born, but to have grown. Out of the infinite space in which it has been travelling over an unknown orbit, it suddenly came within range of human vision from behind the sun, passed it, and is now behind it again. On Saturday, September 30, according to the authority already mentioned, the comet's head was about the degree of brilliancy of Sirius. How much of this brilliancy was due to incandescence, and how much to the reflected light of the sun, around which the orbit of the comet bends? That was the question which our ingenious observer straightway proposed to himself. Four days later, on the night of Wednesday, October 4, he took another observation, and found that though the tail remained of about the same length, brightness, and general appearance, the brilliancy of the head had diminished to that of the star Alphard. Then, by a computation based on Sir JOHN HERSCHEL's statement of the comparative brightness of Sirius and Alphard, he reached the inference that at least nineteen-twentieths of the brightness of Saturday was caused by incandescence.

So far so good. But what was it that was thus glowing by the light of actual combustion to such a marvellous extent? That is a question which has not yet been satisfactorily solved as to any comet, and hardly at all of the present. The material lending itself to this tremendous conflagration in the remote heavens has been, however, partially solved. The spectroscope, which, with the adjuncts of the photographic plate and the microscope, enables observers to penetrate to an extent that would have once been deemed pure miracle, discloses the fact beyond any question that there is sodium in comets. But when we learn that one tea-spoonful of sodium volatilized would yield vapor enough, economically arranged, to set up an immense comet, we feel that this fact only adds to the mystery. It, however, gives us the satisfaction of feeling that the monster mass, as it appears, is of extreme and almost inconceivable tenuity, and that the danger of collision with it, which forms the staple of some so-called scientists' popular essays, is not alarming. It is also now agreed among astronomers that carbon and hydrogen enter very largely into the composition of comets. Here, again, is one of the puzzling elements in the whole question. Carbon is one of the most refractory of substances, and any process known to the chemist would be impotent to reduce it to the condition in which it is found in the comet. Carbon, hydrogen, and traces of nitrogen being ascertained, the detailed composition of the comet is still a profound problem.

The comet which people are now getting up to see has passed its greatest brilliancy, but it is still a very beautiful sight. Just at present it can be seen to the greatest advantage about 4 A.M. It is low down in the east, like a morning star decked with shining veil and flowing robes. Each night it makes its appearance about five minutes earlier; and as his Majesty the Sun, as winter approaches, rises a little later every day, the background against which the comet is set forth becomes more and more the deep blue-black of the midnight sky, and no lady reader of ours need be told that this is the *fond* which gives the greatest brightness to jewels with an argent lustre. The astronomers say that the best place to see the comet is from some such convenient and accessible point as the summit of the Belvedere at Coney Island, or, better yet, the top of the lighthouse at Sandy Hook. But astronomers are in their nature very particular, and there is some reason to suppose that they are jealous of their heavenly beauty. But we can give our personal assurance to our readers that if they can get up at the required time, say 4 A.M., and go to the roof of any house the top of which is fairly on a level with the surrounding roofs, they will have a very satisfactory and charming view. An ordinary seaman's spy-glass will aid considerably in bringing out the form and apparent dimensions of the comet, and failing this, a good opera-glass will add very much to the observer's pleasure.

While engaged in this occupation it may add to the interest by trying to imagine that the beautiful stranger is travelling away from the eye, tail foremost, at the average rate of about 2,500,000 miles a day. That is to say, if the observer has patience and stored caloric enough to last him for the hour during which the comet is the most agreeably seen, he can be assured that it will be fully 100,000 miles further off at the end than at the beginning. If he or she cares to pursue the computation any further, it will readily be seen that during the minute for which the glass may be held steadily to the eye the comet will move from before it nearly 1700 miles. Thus it will be seen that if there ever was any danger from collision, it is for the time being passed. There is comfort for the timid also in the thought that the comet is already 120,000,000 miles away from the earth. It is true that some astronomical croakers have already begun to predict direful calamities from a return of the comet next autumn, when we are assured that it will fall into the sun, with results which it is too painful to contemplate. But astronomers have been mistaken before, and we advise our readers not to be apprehensive on this subject.

INSECT FIDDLERS.

THE sound-producing apparatus in some insects consists of a peculiar modification of the wings, wing-covers, and legs. Thus the grasshopper's song is due to the friction produced by the first joint of the hind-leg (or thigh) against the wing-covers or first pair of wings—a kind of mechanism which has been aptly compared to a species of violin-playing. On the inner side of the thigh a row of very fine pointed teeth, numbering from eighty to ninety or more, is found. When the wing-covers or first wings are in turn inspected, their ribs or "nervures" are seen to be very sharp and of projecting nature, and these latter constitute the "strings," so to speak, of the violin. Both "fiddles" are not played upon simultaneously; the insect first uses one and then the other, thus practicing that physiological economy which is so frequently illustrated by the naturalist's studies. Some authorities, in addition, inform us that the base of the tail in these insects is hollowed so as to constitute a veritable sounding-board, adapted to increase the resonance of the song. And this latter faculty is still more plainly exemplified in certain exotic insects allied to the grasshoppers, these foreign relations having the bodies of the males distended with air for the purpose of increasing and intensifying the sound. Again, whilst, as already remarked, it is the gentlemen insects which produce the sounds, there exist a few cases in which the lady insects appear to emulate the violin-playing instincts of their mates.

The locusts are perhaps the most notable singers of their order. The locust's song has been heard distinctly at night at a mile's distance from the singers. In this country the katydid (*Cyrtophyllus concavus*), a well-known species of locust, is so named from the peculiar sound of the song, which closely resembles the words "Katy-did-she-did." It begins its "noisy babble" early in the evening as it perches on the upper branches of a tree, while rival notes issue from the neighboring trees, and the groves resound with the call of "Katy-did-she-did" the livelong night. In the locusts the two front wings (or wing-covers, as they are called, from their function of protecting the hinder and serviceable wings) produce the song. The right wing is the fiddle, the left serving as the bow. A special rib on the under side of the latter is finely toothed, and is rubbed backward and forward over the upper ribs of the right wing, thus producing the chirp. When the crickets are examined, the disposition of the wing-covers is seen to resemble that of the locusts, but with the difference that both wing-covers have the same structure, each being alternately used as violin and bow. Of the grasshopper tribe the locusts have perhaps attained to the highest pitch of musical efficiency; the grasshoppers themselves come next in order, whilst the crickets are the least specialized and most primitive of all. It is a most noteworthy observation that in this group of insects a special organ of hearing is developed, the production of hearing powers thus taking place contemporaneously with the perfection of the song.

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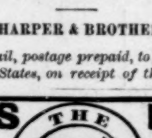
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